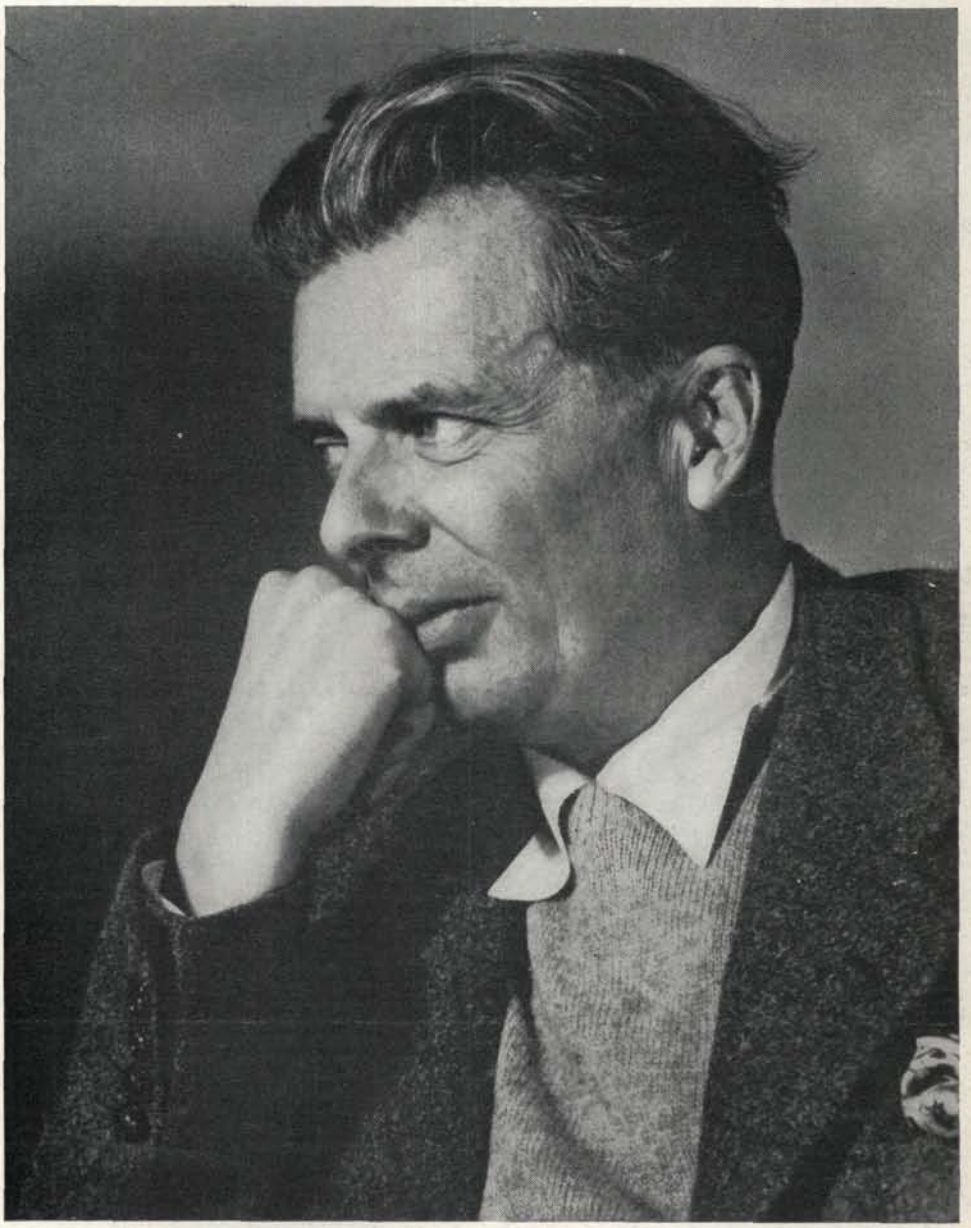
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 15, 1958 / 25¢



Aldous Huxley, author of "Brave New World Revisited." (SEE LITERARY HORIZONS)

A GALLERY OF JUSTICES By Fred Rodell

SIX HOURS OF DYLAN THOMAS By John Ciardi

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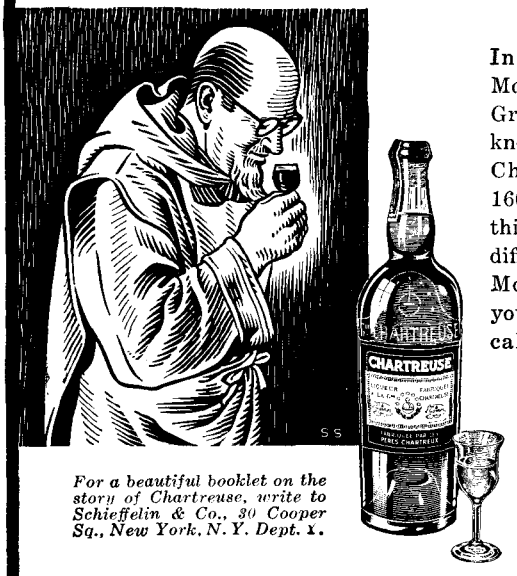

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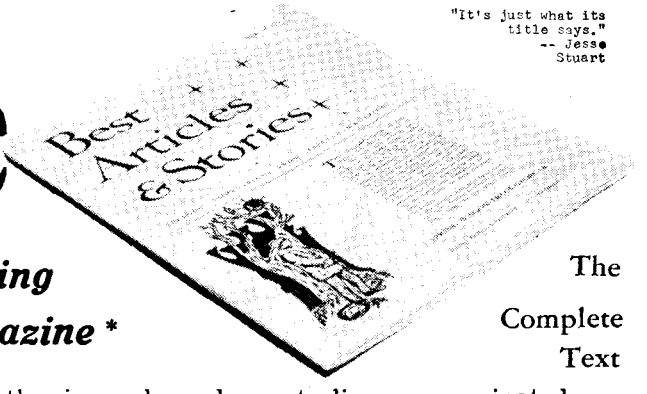

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Saturday Review

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About Arthur F. Coca, M.D.

Dr. Coca is one of the world's leading allergy specialists. He is Honorary President of the American Association of Immunologists. For 17 years he was Medical Director of Lederle Laboratories. He taught at the Post Graduate Medical School of Columbia University, was a Professor of Immunology at Cornell, has written extensively for medical journals throughout the world. The findings in "The Pulse Test" were first presented to the medical profession in a technical monograph, "Familial Non-reaginic Food Allergy." This book is in its third printing and we can supply copies at $10.50.

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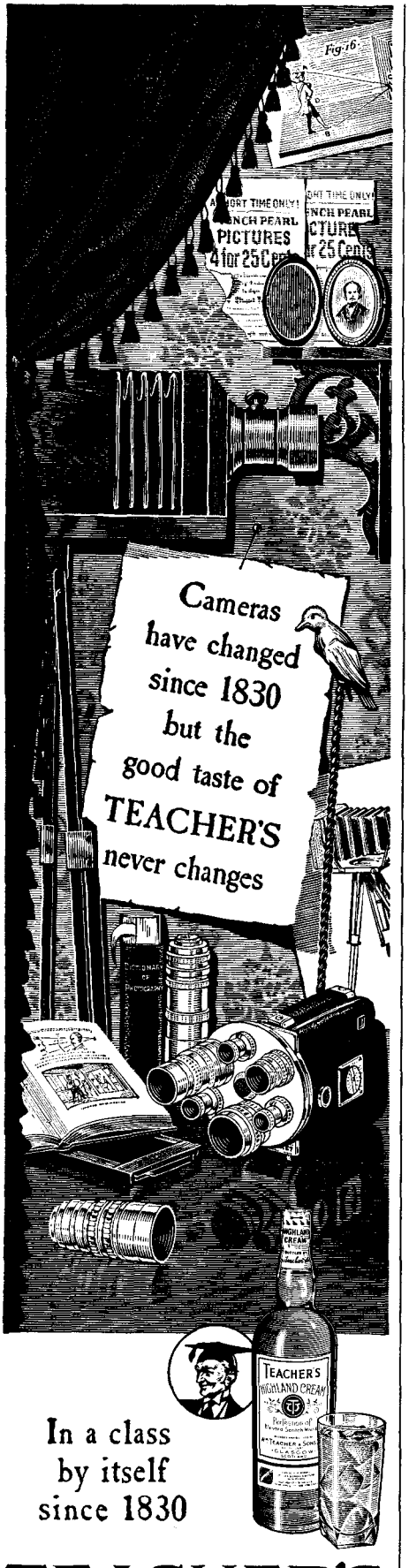
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TRADE Winds

WE'VE ALWAYS stood a little in awe of Hollywood columnists. In the first place, they speak with such *authority* about everything.

"That mole on Sherry Parker's shoulder isn't a mole at all," they'll write. "Actually, it's a decalcomania planted there by her press agent as

a conversation piece. Sherry, as you know, is a shy person in spite of all those lurid roles she's been playing."

Invariably, we've discovered that we *didn't* know that Sherry had a mole on her shoulder at all, and we certainly weren't aware that she was a shy person. And we aren't at all sure that we're better off knowing this.

Or you might read: "Just in case you think Debbie Witherspoon has narrowed it down to Fess Snorkel, you couldn't be farther wrong. Debbie is still playing the field—and how!"

Of course, we've had no idea whatever that Debbie had narrowed it down, even to Fess Snorkel. Or that she's still playing the field. We have a tendency to brood heavily over this sort of thing, and reading material like this can ruin an entire weekend, and part of Monday.

How do they learn all this? How can they write so *much* about it? How do they know so many people who are "in"? What is "in"?

The biggest piece of really juicy inside information we've ever come across in writing this column is the name of Bennett Cerf's own personal barber, and we've never breathed a word about it to anybody.

WHEN WE LEARNED that Sheilah Graham was in town for the finishing touches on her new book "Beloved Infidel" (a Holt publication, written with Gerold Frank), we felt that this would be as good a way as any to dig into this whole major problem of Hollywood columnists. With short jabs and a strong left hook in her questions, Miss Graham has held on to about 25 million readers for a good many years, and not infrequently has left Hollywood tottering on the ropes.

In her book, she writes: "I would write what I saw without fear or favor, as in New York I had begun by writing outspokenly of what others knew, but dared not express. I knew no rules, recognized no sacred cows."

OF COURSE, these words immediately set up a chain reaction in thinking about our own inadequacies. For instance, many times we have learned that, say, Wapshot Press was stuck with a remainder lot of 80,000 copies of "The Little Sheriff of Waverly Gulch." Everybody on Publishers' Row knew it. But nobody dared express it. Why didn't we have the guts to? It wasn't exactly a sacred cow—it was almost a sacred herd.

However, inspired by the ringing words of Miss Graham's new book, we took a deep breath, two Bufferin tablets, and arranged an interview with her.

AS A WARM-UP for the interview, we asked in rapid succession: an elevator boy why he didn't get his uniform pressed; a bus driver why he wouldn't change a five dollar bill; and a taxi driver for a match. Within minutes, we were already feeling drunk with power, and fully prepared to face Miss Graham and anyone else who came into range.

She looked trim and attractive, and was wearing an outfit. (Right here, in Hollywood tradition, we should be able to describe it. But we're notoriously bad about this sort of thing. The outfit was more or less of one color, with a touch of wool here and there. This really doesn't quite do it justice, because it was pretty. It was either sleeveless, or it had sleeves.

We're not quite sure which. But it was pretty.)

She was having a cup of tea, when we joined her. (Our notes say: China? India? We forgot to ask.)

We looked Miss Graham squarely in the eye, and asked:

"Miss Graham, you are noted for asking penetrating questions. Why do you?"

"Well," she said. "I guess it's because of the shock effect it brings

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the reader. It gets attention. But how do you mean, 'penetrating' questions? Do you mean rude ones?"

"Well, not exactly rude ones," we said.

"To tell you the truth," she went on, "I do ask rude questions. I get embarrassed, actually, when I do. I really hate to. When I get to the really terrible ones, I say, 'I'm going to ask you a perfectly terrible question.' Then I wait for a reaction. Often, I'm told to keep away from a certain topic. Naturally, I can't do this, or I wouldn't have a column. Usually I say, 'I know I'm not supposed to ask it, *but*—' And I sometimes get what I want.

"As I said, I really hate to do it—but it's my job."

"I've got a job to do, too," we said. "First—do you mind if I ask you a perfectly terrible question?"

Miss Graham laughed. "That's not fair," she said. "You're stealing my thunder!"

"This is only one of several," we said. "How old are you?"

"That's a *horrible* question to ask a woman. Everybody could figure it out—but I can't say it."

What we didn't tell Miss Graham was that we didn't really want her to answer it. It was simply to see how we might make out in the role of a Hollywood columnist.

WE WENT ON to ask a rapid series of questions: What possible justification could there be for a Hollywood columnist? Did she feel she had to serve some kind of penance for such a long stretch as one? Did she feel they were constructive? How did she account for the deteriorating effect Hollywood had on many people? As a writer, why did she have Gerold Frank help write her own book for her? Did she feel sorry or guilty for the shock techniques and the brazen questions? If others dared not express things, there must be a reason. Why express them in a column? Was her editorial slant the result of inferiority or insecurity? Why was

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NICHOLAS KING:

HOUSE DREAMING
(IN NEW YORK)

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On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

THE DRESS PARADE

In all my years of observing coed fashions—and I have been arrested many times—I have never seen such verve, such dash, such *Je ne sais quoi* as can be found in this year's styles!

I am particularly enchanted by the new "baby waist" dresses which so many of you girls are favoring this season. How demure you all look in your "baby waists"! How sweet! How innocent! How colorful when your housemother lifts you up and burps you after dinner!

Another trend that leaves me limp with rapture is the oversized handbag. Goodbye to dinky little purses that hold nothing at all! Hurrah for today's sensibly sized bag with plenty of room for your makeup, your pens and pencils, your shelter half, your Slinky toy, your MG, and your Marlboros.

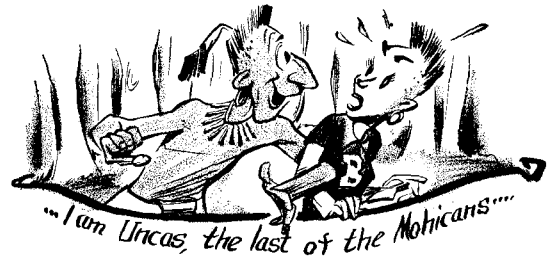
Did I say Marlboros? Certainly I said Marlboros. What girl can consider herself in the van, in the swim, and in the know, if she doesn't smoke Marlboros? What man, for that matter. Do you want a filter that is truly new, genuinely advanced, but at the same time, does not rob you of the full flavor of first-rate tobacco? Then get Marlboro. Also get matches because the pleasure you derive from a Marlboro is necessarily limited if unlit.

To return to coed fashions, let us now discuss footwear. The popular flat shoe was introduced several years ago when it became obvious that girls were growing taller than boys. For a while the flat shoes kept the sexes in a state of uneasy balance, but today they will no longer serve. Now, even in flats, girls are towering over their dates, for the feminine growth rate has continued to rise with disturbing speed. In fact, it is now thought possible that we will see fifteen-foot girls in our lifetime.

But science is working on the problem, and I feel sure American know-how will find an answer. Meanwhile, a temporary measure is available—the reverse wedgie.

The reverse wedgie is simply a wedgie turned around. This tilts a girl backward at a 45 degree angle and cuts as much as three feet off her height. It is, of course, impossible to walk in this position unless you have support, so your date will have to keep his arm around your waist at all times. This will tire him out in fairly short order; therefore you must constantly give him encouragement. Keep looking up at him and batting your lashes and repeating in awed tones, "How *strong* you are, Shorty!"

Next we turn to hair styling. The hairdo this year is definitely the cloche-coif. One sees very few crew cuts or Irene Castle bobs, and the new Mohican cut seems not to have caught on at all. In fact, I saw only one girl with a Mohican—Rhodelle H. Sigafoos, a sophomore of Bennington. Her classmates laughed and laughed at her, but it was Rhodelle who had the last laugh, for one night a dark,



handsome stranger leaped from behind a birch and linked his arm in Rhodelle's and said, "I am Uncas, the last of the Mohicans—but I need not be the last, dear lady, if you will but be my wife." Today they are happily married and run a candied-apple stand near Macon, Ga., and have three little Mohicans named Patti, Maxine, and Laverne.

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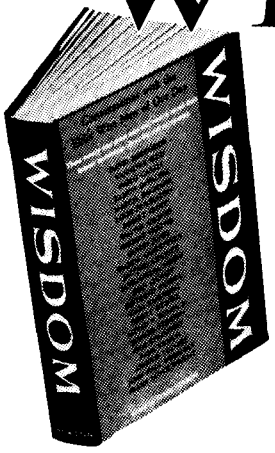

Edited by JAMES NELSON

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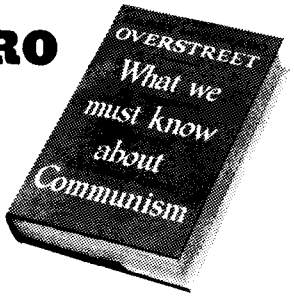

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the picture on the jacket of the book much younger than she now is?

SHE WENT ON to relate how she liked to keep her own life private. That to keep 25 million readers, you have to write what people like to rea That this was justification for the column. That she didn't feel the need to serve penance, because she was just doing a job. That she never really stopped to think whether the column should do anything constructive. That she was out to do a good job for the editor. That she'd like to think over the social responsibility angle for awhile before she went more into that. That she does have a tendency to think of people as paragraphs rather than people.

"FRANKLY," SHE SAID, "I've been nearly kicked out of Hollywood several times—when I wrote what I thought was the truth. For instance, when I noted that Clark Gable was showing a tendency toward a double chin. That's a sacred cow I shouldn't have touched. Often, stars have told me that I was unfair, because they had no chance to answer back. However, when I offered this chance to many of them—they refused to, or were unable to do it. It's sort of a game all around—I have to get the story . . . the editor has to be happy . . and the people have to like to read it."

AT THE END of the session, we were much more embarrassed than Miss Graham. We still don't like the idea of probing too hard and too far into people, except in a serious attempt to get at a real story of constructive value.

Miss Graham is a charming, delightful person. She is interesting to talk to—and is genuinely honest in her reactions. We intentionally didn't bring up her relationship with F. Scott Fitzgerald, which is fully covered in her book. We are still prejudiced about Hollywood columnists.

One day after the interview with Miss Graham, we bumped into Hedda Hopper quite coincidentally, at a TV rehearsal. She also is charming, delightful, and explosive.

"What's new?" we asked her—which is just about the most ridiculous question to ask a Hollywood columnist, since a copy of today's paper will give you all you need to know.

"Well," said Hedda. "I'm workin on a new book—and this time I'm going to tell the whole truth about everything."

When this book comes out, we'll try to arrange an interview with Hedda—and talk about the weather.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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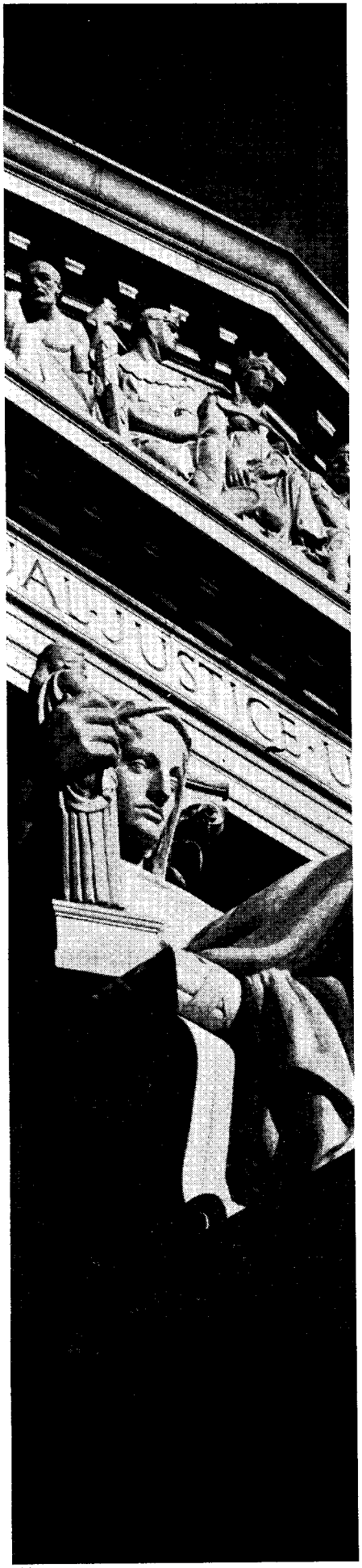

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A GALLERY OF JUSTICES

One Man's Dream-Court

By FRED RODELL

IT HAS been 168 years since John Jay, first Chief Justice of the United States, called the first session of the first Supreme Court to order in a tiny meeting-room in the Wall Street section of Manhattan, with only three of President George Washington's six brand-new Justices bothering to attend. Since that unimpressive première, the high bench has been adorned—or at least attended—by a total of ninety-three men, of whom freshman Justice Potter Stewart is the ninety-third. The number of Justices who simultaneously make up a single Court—a number set by Congress, not by the Constitution—has varied between six and ten but has now stayed at nine, despite Franklin Roosevelt's abortive effort to raise it to fifteen, for almost a century. Fourteen men have sat as Chief Justices, eighty-three as Associates, and if these figures seem to lie it is because four of the men—John Rutledge, White, Hughes, and Stone—served first as Associates, later as Chiefs.

To choose from these ninety-three men the nine ablest—as an All-Time U.S. Supreme Court—is of course to invite disagreement and controversy, since one man's Mede may always be another man's Persian. Indeed, the inevitably personal standards by which this dream-Court has been selected will likely not be those which will most appeal to most lawyers. Most lawyers are more admiring of the logic-and-precedent needlework, the pinpoint perfectionism—call it scholarly or pedantic—of a Story, say, or a Sutherland than they are of the result-minded, bold-stroke drive of a Field or a Warren. For lawyers, by the very nature of their calling, are a conservative lot, perferring caution to courage, certainty to change, and judges who follow the law to those who make it.

No such slant has guided the choosing of this Court. The frank preference here has been for strong judicial statesmen, for men with the wisdom and vision to see the law as servant, not as master, and to so use it even at the cost of breaking with the bookish past. Some of the Justices here named, whether or not they served as Chiefs, were the effective intellectual and political leaders of the Courts on which they sat. Some were the dissenting consciences of their Courts, whose great contributions came clear only in the future as later Courts turned their protests into law. Almost all were men who, in their own times, would have merited the current epithet, "judicial ac-

"The judicial Power of the United States, shall be vested in one Supreme Court. . . . The judicial Power shall extend to all Cases, in Law and Equity, arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made, or which shall be made, under their Authority. . . ."

—From Article III, The Constitution of the United States.

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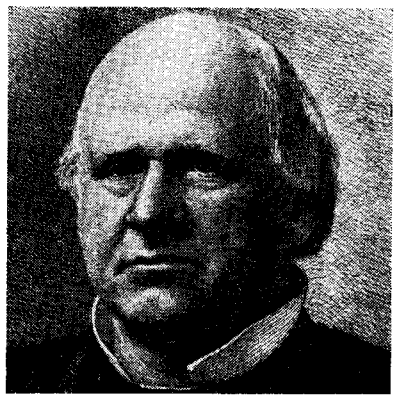
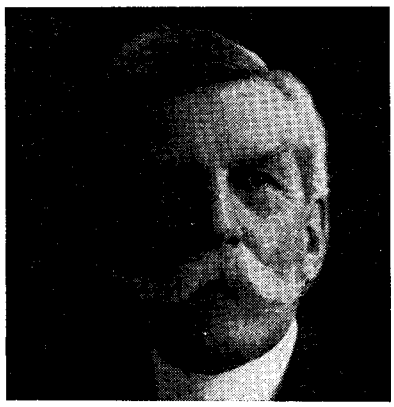
William Johnson.

Samuel Miller.



John M. Harlan.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

tivist," since few if any believed in "judicial self-denial" when there was progress to be made or justice to be done and when the Court held the power to make it or do it. In consequence, almost all these men might rate the loose tag "liberal."

If this Court is slightly weighted toward twentieth-century Justices, the fact is not fortuitous; the reasons are several. For the Court's first few decades, the prestige and power (and salary) attached to a Justiceship were piddling compared to what they are now; declinations of appointment were common and included many a top-flight man in law or government; it is hard to conceive of any man turning down the job today. True, the appeal of a Court post to an already prominent lawyer or public figure did rise steadily throughout Marshall's and most of Taney's Chiefships, but it ebbed again with Civil War and Reconstruction; then, for the last third of the nineteenth century, ability on the high bench was too often an accidental by-product of the baldly partisan appointment of those whom many Court commentators lump together as largely "railroad lawyers." Only for about the past sixty years have Presidents been practically certain to get for the Court the ablest man, when they have had sense enough to choose him. Hence, the caliber of the *best* twentieth-century Justices has tended to be higher than that of the top Justices of the preceding 110 years of the Court's history. Further, the vastly increased magnitude and complexity of the Court's work in recent times —what with the great growth of industry, the new convolutions of commerce and finance, the proliferation of government agencies and regulations —demand of every Justice some knowledge and understanding of myriad matters that might well have baffled even the great Marshall. The best of the twentieth-century Justices have been abler than many of their predecessors simply because they have *had* to be abler.

One quite arbitrary standard has been self-imposed in the selection of this super-Supreme Court: no Justice has been considered who sat for less than ten years. And while this has barred many a brilliant and outstanding possible contender—from James Wilson, ablest member of Washington's first sextet, to Benjamin Cardozo, whose greatest work was, in fact, done on the New York Court of Appeals before he became a Justice—it has seemed a reasonable minimum in terms of total contribution to the Court and to the nation. Here, then, listed and briefly limned in chronological order, is an All-Time Supreme Court of the United States:

JOHN MARSHALL of Virginia (1801-1835), *Chief Justice*. If ever a man built a political institution to prominence and power, practically single-handed, it was John Marshall, commonly and deservedly called "the great Chief Justice." Taking over a Court deep in popular disrepute—thanks to the extracurricular politicking of some of its members, overeager to keep the Federalist Party in the government saddle—Marshall pulled it up by its own robe-ties to a guiding role in the affairs of the nation. To do this he had to challenge and whip the fellow-Virginian who was his greatest antagonist and who took over the Presidency just one month after lame-duck President Adams had made Marshall Chief Justice; for Thomas Jefferson bitterly disbelieved in rule by judges. In the famous case of *Marbury v. Madison*, the new Chief nailed down the Court's right to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional—which amounts to having the last word in government and which the Court has exercised ever since, though Marshall himself never used it again. After that coup, Marshall aimed his major judicial energies toward making a more united nation out of the still proud and wary states. Steering his Court as he wanted it to go by the sheer force and warmth of his personality long after he was outnumbered by anti-Federalist colleagues and the Federalist Party was politically dead, inventing new law and bending old law to his ends with a purposeful realism, uninhibited by precedent, that would be deplored in most lawyerly circles today, he took power after power away from the separate states and gave, Robin-Hood-like, to the young Federal government. More than any other man in our history, Marshall put flesh and muscle on the skeleton of the U.S. Constitution. His most famous dictum was: "We must never forget that it is a constitution we are expounding." He might have added: "—and a nation we are building."

WILLIAM JOHNSON of South Carolina (1804-1834). Most underrated of all past Justices, perhaps because his brilliance, integrity, and humanity were overshadowed throughout his judicial career by his forceful Chief, was William Johnson, the Court's first great dissenter and hence the precursor, precisely a century earlier, of Justice Holmes. Only thirty-two years old when Jefferson appointed him, Johnson for three decades stood up, and usually alone, against being

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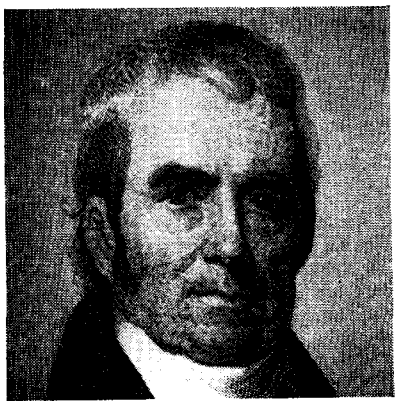


John Marshall.

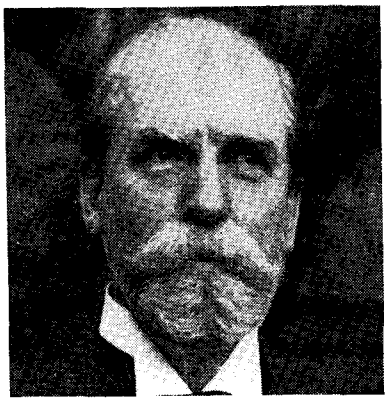
pressured by Marshall into abandonment of his own convictions; of seventy-four Court dissents written during that span, thirty-four—or almost half—were his. For Johnson accurately saw a second and connected motive behind many of Marshall's nation-building decisions, a purpose to protect property rights at the expense of human rights. And nearly all of Johnson's dissenting protests stemmed from a liberal or be-kinder-to-the-poor slant such as never stirred the sturdy Marshall. More imaginative and more profound than the better-known and bookish Justice Story, who was Marshall's chief companion in economic conservatism, Johnson finally led the Court, near the end of his and Marshall's lives, toward the start of a more democratically Jeffersonian-Jacksonian view of the law. Fittingly, it was he who wrote the Court opinion, upholding a state bankruptcy act, in the first important case where Marshall himself was forced into dissent. In words that rang strange and new, coming from the Supreme Court of 1827, Johnson said: "It is among the duties of society to enforce the rights of humanity . . ."

SAMUEL FREEMAN MILLER of Iowa (1862-1890). After the debacle of the Dred Scott decision that helped bring on the Civil War, after the eclipse of the Court as a government power during the war and early postwar years, the man who did the most to restore its prestige as he outshone the four Chief Justices under whom he served was Samuel Miller, the doctor turned lawyer, the Southerner turned Northern abolitionist, the Justice sometimes compared to Marshall for his equally practical and unacademic approach to law. Here the resemblance ended, for Miller, like Johnson before him, rated personal ahead of financial interests as the prime concern of the Court. Hence, he fought to have the Constitution's Fourteenth Amendment used, as it was originally intended, to defend the political and civil rights of Negroes instead of as an excuse for the judicial veto of state laws which regulated business. It was a losing fight on both levels and it drove him increasingly into dissent as the Court became staffed and stuffed with "railroad lawyers." But before he began to be outvoted, Miller had been able to proclaim in the famous Slaughterhouse Cases that the Amendment's "one pervading purpose" was "the freedom of the slave race, the security and firm establishment of that freedom, and the protection of the newly-made freeman and citizen"—and, prophetically, that to read the Amendment otherwise "would constitute this Court a perpetual censor upon all legislation of the States . . ." Perhaps "perpetual" was too strong; but not until the 1930s, more than half a century later, did the Court heed Miller's implicit plea and return to his view that such censorship should be curbed.

JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN of Kentucky (1877-1911). Continuing the Johnson-Miller tradition of liberal dissent and overlapping, in his long term of service, Miller at one end and Holmes at the other, was the fierily independent grandfather of the present Justice who bears his name, John Marshall Harlan. Harlan was a comparative newcomer to the Court when he dissented strongly, eloquently, and alone against his colleagues' ruling that the Civil Rights Acts—passed by Congress to protect Southern Negroes from discrimination in hotels, trains, restaurants, theatres—were unconstitutional. His more than 300 subsequent dissents included protests against the judicial murder of the pre-Sixteenth-Amendment income tax and against the judicial emasculation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. When the Court gave its official blessing to "separate but equal" treatment of Negroes in the South—a ruling finally and famously reversed only four years ago—former slave-owner Harlan exclaimed, more wishfully than accurately: "Our Constitution is color-blind." Here again, as with Miller, it took the Court half a century to catch up to the farsighted wisdom of a libertarian.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES of Massachusetts (1902-1932). The legendary figure who brought liberal dissent to its fullest and finest flower, despite the fact that he was himself a political conservative and a bone-deep Back Bay Republican, was, of course, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Probably the wisest man who ever graced the Court, Holmes's effective influence lay in the then-future, not in his own times; it is the sure mark of his greatness that

(*Continued on page* 36)



Charles Evans Hughes.

Louis Brandeis.

Hugo Black.

William O. Douglas.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Huxley Revisited

By Granville Hicks

ALDOUS HUXLEY, who in his early years seemed a lively immoralist, has spent the past two decades and more in preaching. He is preaching again in **"Brave New World Revisited"** (Harper, $3), and I confess that I look back wistfully to the novels he wrote in the Twenties—"Chrome Yellow" and "Antic Hay" and "Point Counter Point." On the other hand, I am willing to listen to this particular sermon, for it is concerned with matters of importance.

"Brave New World," it is appropriate to note, marked the transition from the flippant or the apparently flippant Huxley to the serious Huxley. When I read the book in the year of its publication, it made me angry, not because of Huxley's new seriousness but because of what he had chosen to be serious about. In 1932, when our economic system was falling apart, Huxley was writing about the dangers of utopia and the importance of the right to suffer. As I looked about me, I could see no dearth of suffering, and utopia had never seemed further off. Huxley's thesis, I felt, could please only the reactionary minority, those who did not care how much the majority suffered so long as they could preserve their privileges.

I have reread "Brave New World," and my 1932 judgment seems right for 1932. I do, however, perceive virtues in the book that in 1932 I minimized or overlooked. It has a great deal of comic inventiveness and an ingeniously constructed story, and these qualities make it more readable than most of the books published in 1932. Furthermore, I am compelled to admit that Huxley saw things that I didn't see; in certain respects he was a bit of a prophet.

Since the new book is concerned with "Brave New World" as prophecy, we had better remind ourselves of Huxley's conception of life in the year A.F. (After Ford) 632. War has been abolished for centuries, and the world's population has been stabilized at exactly two billions. An elaborate system of artificial reproduction and prenatal conditioning creates five distinct classes in the right proportions, and Pavlonian psychology, new drugs, and all the arts of propaganda sustain the status quo. Almost everybody is convinced that he is happy.

Obviously we in 1958 are a long way from the situation Huxley envisaged. We are still confronted with the dangers of war, which he doesn't discuss—"not as being unimportant but merely for convenience and because I have discussed them on earlier occasions." And we have an ever more urgent problem of overpopulation, which he does discuss with great cogency. ("Penicillin, DDT, and clean water are cheap commodities, whose effects on public health are out of all proportion to their cost.") We are far from the stability that is requisite for the kind of society portrayed in "Brave New World."

Still and all, there are some significant resemblances between life in A.F. 632 and life in prosperous postwar America, and these are what Huxley makes the most of in "Brave New World Revisited." In our society consumption has become a duty, as in Huxley's "new world." We may not have feelies, orgy-porgy, or centrifugal bumblepuppy, but, as he points out, "nonstop distraction [is] provided by newspapers and magazines, by radio, television, and the cinema." What is most important from Huxley's point of view, experts are developing effective techniques for the control of men's minds, and he discusses with his usual erudition the latest experiments in motivational research, brainwashing, subconscious persuasion, and sleep-teaching.

Huxley compares his "Brave New World" with "1984," and comes to the conclusion that his vision of the future is more likely to be realized than Orwell's. Orwell foresaw a dictatorship that was completely efficient in the repression of dissent, whereas the efficiency of Huxley's oligarchs makes sure that dissent can't arise. "In '1984' the lust for power is satisfied by inflicting pain; in 'Brave New World,' by inflicting a hardly less humiliating pleasure." In the right conditions, Huxley argues, his kind of dictatorship will be more successful than Orwell's because we are learning how to control men's minds.

But all this is a kind of fairy story, since the right conditions don't exist and, by Huxley's own account, aren't likely to in the foreseeable future. Increases in population, to say nothing of unevenness in technological development, promise instability for a long time to come, even if there is no atomic war. Dictatorships will doubtless arise in many parts of the world, but they will follow the familiar catch-as-catch-can pattern, making use of techniques of mind-control when they can conveniently do so but relying chiefly on repression. None of them, it is safe to guess, will achieve the horrid perfection of either Orwell's vision or Huxley's.

"Brave New World Revisited" doesn't suggest that there is a shortage of suffering in 1958, but the reader may feel that Huxley ought to be devoting himself to the limited but real dangers of mind-control instead of fretting about an improbable and in any case remote future. Surprisingly and disarmingly, Huxley himself adopts this point of view in his last two chapters, wherein he discusses in concrete terms what we can do here and now.

These last two chapters measure the long distance that Huxley has come in the years since he was one of the bad boys of the Twenties. In the earlier part of the book he sometimes displays his old fondness for shocking his readers, but his conclusions are sober and reasonable. In his chapter on education he speaks of the need for "a set of generally accepted values, based upon a solid foundation of fact," and he comes up with this:

> The value, first of all, of individual freedom, based upon the facts of human diversity and genetic uniqueness; the value of charity and compassion, based upon the old familiar fact, lately rediscovered by modern psychiatry—the fact that, whatever their mental and physical diversity, love is as necessary to human beings as food and shelter; and finally the value of intelligence, without which love is impotent and freedom unattainable.

These are the words of a man who has learned to prefer wisdom to wit and responsibility to the joys of the *enfant terrible*. Huxley was always a moralist, we can see now, even when he succeeded in convincing people that he was the very opposite. He has become a more and more thoughtful moralist, and if we have lost something in the way of entertainment, what we have gained is more important.

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In His Company the Best of Talk

***"Literary Distractions," by Ronald Knox** (Sheed & Ward. 232 pp. $3.50), is a collection of essays, ranging in subject from Pascal to detective stories, by the late Catholic chaplain at Oxford University. Literary critic and essayist, Ben Ray Redman, assesses these collected pieces for us.*

By Ben Ray Redman

RONALD KNOX, who died last year, belonged to a vanishing species—he was a true man of letters. There are not many of them left among us, and it is improbable that there has ever been another quite like the Anglican Bishop of Manchester's son who made the journey to Rome in 1917, became a priest in charge of the souls of Oxford's undergraduates, and then turned from his pastoral task to undertake singlehanded a monumental work of scholarship and piety that had once taxed the abilities of Lancelot Andrewes and a committee composed of almost fifty of England's finest scholars.

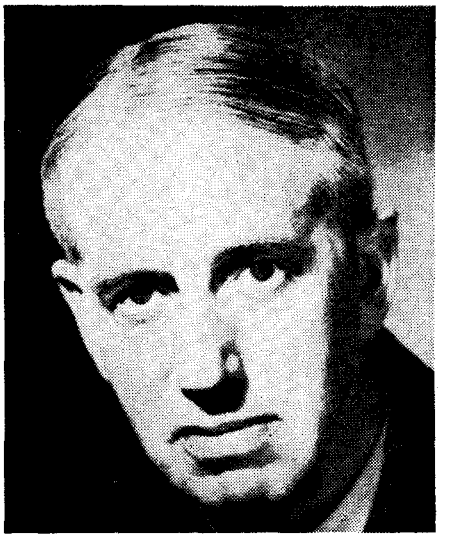
For learning and wit to be found housed in the same man is not uncommon, and it is probable that as many writers have suffered for versatility as have scored by it. But where shall we look to match the combined wit and learning and versatility of Monsignor Knox, who spent nine years translating the Holy Bible into the English of our own day, and gave other years to the writing of detective stories and sermons, satire and scriptural exegesis, essays, lectures, verse, and letters to the papers; and who at the same time sustained a lifelong love affair with literature that gave him possession of the best that men have thought and said from the days of Greek glory and Roman grandeur?

In the present volume we find Ronald Knox the familiar essayist and genial lecturer. His subjects, seventeen and various, include the wit of Dr. Johnson and the verse of Hilaire Belloc, the sublime poetry of Crashaw and the bathos of James Grainger, the part played by the sea through several centuries of Greek life and literature, Chesterton's romances and Chesterton's detective stories, the art of translation, the author's experiences with French, pilgrimages, Pascal, the Barsetshire novels, the Ingoldsby legends, Birmingham, ground rules for detective fiction, Robert L. Stevenson, and "The Man Who Tried to Convert the Pope." Whatever the subject, the tone is always urbane, sometimes colloquial, and unaffectedly charming. Humor and good humor are pervasive, with wit often giving an edge to humor, but never thrusting itself presumptuously into the discourse.

Writing of another's wit, Dr. Johnson's, Monsignor Knox cunningly touches the truth when he tells us that "the intellectual trick which is perhaps most characteristic of him is that of coining a phrase, usually with one good long word at the heart of it, to act as ballast, which sets on record for all time, marmoreally, Johnson's attitude to this or that, this person or that." Again he speaks with perfect accuracy when he declares that "Crashaw's poetry was all religion, and Crashaw's religion all poetry." The enigmatic figure of Pascal baffles him, as it has many another; he can ask pertinent questions, but give no answers. Of Chesterton and Belloc, of Trollope and Stevenson, he writes with affection as well as sensitive understanding.

On the subject of translation he is illuminating, and in passing he demolishes the myth that would have us believe that the Authorized Version has been a stylistic inspiration for our greatest writers. His quotations from Grainger's "The Sugar-cane: A Poem in Four Books" are hilarious; but he is funniest, and on his own, in "French With Tears." Perhaps the most entertaining paper of all, however, is the one that describes the efforts of George Townsend, Canon of Durham, to persuade Pius IX to convoke a new General Council of Christians with the aim of undoing the evil work of the Council of Trent.

These hints as to the contents and quality of "Literary Distractions" must suffice. In Ronald Knox's company one enjoys the best of talk, and at the same time drinks in "large draughts of intellectual day."



Ronald Knox—". . . perfect accuracy."

Gentle Gadfly

***"More in Anger," by Marya Mannes** (Lippincott. 189 pp. $3.50), castigates certain flaws in our society abhorrent to the author. Harry Golden, author of the best-seller "Only in America" and editor of the* Carolina Israelite, *evaluates her strictures.*

By Harry Golden

MISS MANNES is a handsome woman and she writes a handsome prose. "More in Anger" is a series of loosely-jointed essays which criticize modern American complacency, weakness, self-satisfaction, fat-dripping prosperity, and lack of discipline. What is important is that, though Miss Mannes is critical, she is not cranky. And while these essays range from war and peace to censorship and art and partisan politics, "More in Anger" is still an emotional whole, made so because the book is lightly veined with humor and fortified with common sense. The author's tone is conversational but always precise. She has an inherent sense of drama and an abiding respect for words and sentences arranged in rhythmic order.

Her book is legitimately criticism, but it can be called just as honestly a series of gripes. She is charming and calm and sane: She does not want heads rolling. But a reader can detect behind her modulated prose an irresistible urge to knock these same heads together.

Miss Mannes's are essentially *ad hominem* arguments. She counts the faults of our society. They are the same faults about which all of us

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Marya Mannes—". . . always precise."

politely complain after coffee, the very complaints which do not reveal us as thinkers, but serve as indices for what class we belong to, and where we come from, and what we do, and indicate whether or not we want to be invited again.

In short, Miss Mannes's book, rather than a document, is a gesture. It makes sense, but it is platitudinous.

For instance: Miss Mannes says of the older woman who assumes the pose of youth that "she does it because she has been told to do it by the advertising media." She says of the large woman, consigned by her size to the back-halls of fashion, that there is no reason why she cannot be dressed "both fashionably and seductively. Designers and dress manufacturers could see to this if they wanted to. But not only would it demand more material and cut down profit; it would militate against the foundation-makers and slenderizing salons and pill-producers of the nation. For then a woman could be attractive without their help and that would never do."

This is just the sort of talk that never aggravates a dinner discussion. It is cogent, reasoned, and a little dull. Because it is wrong. Business and advertising are a reflection of the American middle class—in fact, they are the soul of the American middle class, and they expound as best they can its values, dreams, and beliefs. We may think these are shoddy, but it is not the businessman's fault. Manufacturers have experimented: the mass of women will not buy the matronly dress any more than they will buy sensible shoes.

Miss Mannes's publishers say her book is a personal credo. That is exactly what it is not. Miss Mannes leaves you nothing to gossip about. Nothing she says would ever anger you or make you indignant. You agree; that is her chief fault. She is also naïve.

She deplores the pornographic violence of the comic books as a cause of juvenile deliquency, black leather jackets, and the complete disrespect for authority. All of us nod yes. All of us know that in some way comic books are related to violence. But all of us know, Miss Mannes included, that comic books are not the only cause of juvenile violence.

Similarly, she goes on to condemn politicians not only for their inability to live up to their campaign promises but also for their inability to make meaningful campaign promises. No one wants to be put in the position—God forbid—of defending a politician, but one could offer the demurrer that, rightly or wrongly, American statesmen are not independent of their precincts.

The ideal politician in Miss Mannes's book speaks for himself. She has him make an inaugural address. He promises much: honesty, responsibility to his Constitutional powers, equal rights and equal responsibilities for the Negro, cessation of nuclear testing, and "*certain measures* [italics mine] which will deprive you of certain luxuries which you do not need for the urgencies which are to be required of us as a nation. . . ." One not too drowsy from that delightful bit of bourbon-and-water after dinner might think this speech a little like the old-fashioned hoop skirt: It covers everything but touches nothing. Miss Mannes wants to change society by inveighing against it. A long empirical history proves this is bootless. Nor can one change society by boasting, as she does, that "it was different and better when I was young." The kids know that since we were young there has been a lot of water under the bridge. To change society at all one has to discover *why* American women want to be skinny before persuading them that it is attractive to be fat. Miss Mannes's argument disappoints us because she is not after any of the whys. Her argument is that *she* doesn't need to change—society does.

YET there is a brilliance and a hard core to her prose. Her only irritating trait is her defense of women against the misrepresentations of men. This is a trait many an intelligent woman indulges, despite the fact that most men think of women as people. It is a perplexing trait, perhaps because it is so self-conscious. Other than the fact that you marry one, most men have nothing against women. Some even think of every last one of them as just so much delicious French pastry.

Pick of the Paperbacks

DECLINE AND FALL. *By Evelyn Waugh. Universal.* $1.25. This hilarious account transports young Paul Pennyfeather from Oxford student days to the *grand monde*, and lets him down somewhat wiser at the gateway to a theological career.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN. *By Eric John Dingwall. Signet.* 50¢. An English anthropologist casts a stern glance at the American female and comes up with some conclusions that, if not flattering, make lively reading.

PATHS IN UTOPIA. *By Martin Buber. Beacon.* $1.50. Theologian-philosopher Buber interprets the idea of utopia, as Marx saw it, as Lenin put it into practice, and as the utopian ideal is enacted in the modern state of Israel.

THREE GREAT PLAYS OF EURIPIDES. *Mentor.* 75¢. The Euripides trio, "Medea," "Helen," and "Hippolytus," in a new and poetic translation by Rex Warner.

INDIAN SUMMER. *By William Dean Howells. Everyman.* $1.35. This early Howells novel (1886) tells, in an urbane fashion, about some intelligent Americans at their leisure in Florence.

THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE. *By John Cheever. Bantam.* 50¢. The first novel, by one of America's best short-story writers, won last year's National Book Award. It's a gusty tale of an irrepressible family whose sons leave their village to seek fortune in the big city.

THE OCTOPUS. *By Frank Norris. Bantam.* 50¢. Written at the turn of the century by one of America's most rugged realists, this is a powerful story of California wheat farmers and their fierce struggle against the new railroads.

YEATS: THE MAN AND THE MASK. *By Richard Ellmann. Everyman.* $1.55. One of the century's great poets is the subject of this critical biography, which, though scholarly, presents a rounded portrait of an intensely creative and complex man.

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—*From the book.*

Left, Edith Sitwell; right, Dame Nellie Melba—". . . diversion for the middle-aged."

Memorable Moments

"The Sweet and the Twenties," by Beverley Nichols *(British Book Centre. 247 pp. $5), is by turns a bussing and biting evocation of a decade thirty years ago, when the author was one of the Bright Young Men of England. Herman Kogan, a former newspaperman now an executive with the Encyclopaedia Britannica, whose several books have dealt wholly or in part with the Twenties, offers below his opinion of Mr. Nichols's endeavor.*

By Herman Kogan

BEVERLEY NICHOLS characterizes his determinedly chatty volume about the decade of the 1920s not as a formal history but "as an album of snapshots and memories which may offer, at least to the middle-aged, some moments of nostalgic entertainment."

Whenever this prolific British journalist-novelist-playwright sticks to his resolve, he is effective. But serious comments do intrude, and it is then that the book lags in tone and spirit. As a purveyor of gossip and anecdotage—malicious or admiring, petulant, warm, cranky, or pleasant—Mr. Nichols is something of a master. As a thinker and analyst of the period, he is master only of the obvious; whenever he is moved to interpret or editorialize he really presents nothing much more profound than the observations that he and the other Bright Young Men of England in that decade were political innocents who foolishly believed that the world was going to get better and better or that, however hard up they were, the BYM always seemed to have gold cigarette cases or that sexual promiscuity was somehow more elegant than it is now.

In presenting his snapshots, Mr. Nichols rambles with assiduous informality, flitting from subject to subject and from person to person to give us sometimes a flicker but just as often staying on to click and click and click away with his imaginary camera.

Here is Pavlova ("When she danced 'The Dying Swan' the effect was of a figure floating across a sheet of ice. . . .") and Noel Coward and Ivor Novello, two of the brightest of the BYM group, and Virginia Woolf ("... a pathological eccentric") and Michael Arlen ("I believe it was Rebecca West who described him as every other inch a gentleman") and Rudolph Valentino ("... he looked as though he ought to be carrying a tray in Soho") and Chaplin as well as Churchill, actresses and diplomats, writers, social lions and lambs, Hall Caine and Maugham, Shaw, Beerbohm, and Picasso, Gertrude Stein ("*There* was a glorious, rampageous fake for you . . .") and Nellie Melba.

With great relish, Mr. Nichols tells us all we ought, or might care, to know about the era's famed hostesses, those "great galleons sailing the social seas with all flags flying and all guns manned, relentlessly pursuing their charted course—and not above indulging in a little piracy if the occasion demanded it." Most vivid among them are the Honorable Mrs. Ronald Greville, daughter of a wealthy brewer ("I would rather be a beeress than a peeress") on whom Queen Mary might casually call for tea; and her great rival, the American-born Lady Cunard, imperious, yet "wispy, ethereal, and always indulging in fantasy, and what she used on her face was nobody's business." There is a horribly realistic account of a luncheon with Lord Alfred Douglas, a "podgy, alcoholic blob" insisting that he had given Oscar Wilde the best epigrams for "Lady Windermere's Fan," the best passages in "Salome," and a remarkable vignette of Lord Berners, a true eccentric, one of whose whims was to build a tiny piano inside his Rolls-Royce.

Sometimes the froth is too copious and sometimes the goo gushes too freely or the acid is excessive, but Mr. Nichols, skipping about and digressing whenever he cares to and misspelling a name here and there, is adept enough in the world of gossip to provide diversion, if not real enlightenment, for the middle-aged who do remember and even for younger ones who never knew and might just like to know.

THE SPORTIVE ESSAY: In the wasteland of American humor to which Dorothy Parker refers in her brief but brilliant introduction—the work of S. J. Perelman stands out like a Renaissance palazzo in Levittown. Assembled in **"The Most of Perelman"** (Simon & Schuster, $5.95) is the dazzling output of a humorist whose métier is not the stock gag of self-deprecation, but satire with devastating wit and a unique style. Among the largesse in this jumbo bonbonnière are to be found such classics as "Scenario," that 150-proof distillation of Hollywood madness; "Waiting for Santy," a parody that has aged better than its object; "A Hepcat May Look at a King," one of the author's latter-day masterpieces. And scattered freely throughout are more recondite examples of the master's wit, which habitually grazes over the whole wonderful range of human foolishness—from such unlikely tidbits as a plaster foot in a shoestore window to the penchant Nehru's father had for shipping his laundry to Paris ("No Starch in the Dhoti, *S'il Vous Plaît*").

In one of his asides the author predicts moodily that "the sportive essay" will soon be extinct. "The handful of chumps who still practise it are as lonely as the survivors of Fort Zinderneuf; a few more assaults by television and motion-picture journalism and we might as well post their bodies on the ramparts, pray for togetherness, and kneel for the final annihilation." Well—if the deluge is inevitable, "The Most of Perelman" should at least make it more bearable. —MARTIN LEVIN.

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Long Search for a Great Circle

"Northwest to Fortune," by Vilhjalmur Stefansson *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 356 pp. $6), is a history of the long quest for a practicable trade route from Europe to the Orient over the top of the world. It is reviewed by Captain Finn Ronne, who has wintered four times in the Antarctic, was leader of the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition, and recently commanded the Ellsworth Station in Edith Ronne Land for the International Geophysical Year.*

By Finn Ronne

"NORTHWEST TO FORTUNE," the latest narrative of the veteran Arctic explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, is a stirring and scholarly account of man's persistent efforts to discover a navigable great circle commercial route from Europe to the Orient via the Northwest. In considerable detail the author traces the economic and later military motives for such a passage, as well as its progress by sea, land, and air from the time of the Phoenicians in 600 B.C. to the recently successful north polar underwater achievements of the *Nautilus* and *Skate*.

Although the volume contains a great deal of the old pioneer's adventurous spirit, its primary interest and value lie in Dr. Stefansson's compilation of all available historical research material. In addition to its usefulness to the student of Arctic development, it is both a timely and thought-provoking document. Referring to China and the Soviets, Stefansson states:

> We are moving north toward them and they are moving north toward us, and it seems they are moving faster; to meet them halfway, we shall have to bestir ourselves. Such halfway meetings would be on opposite shores of a polar mediterranean that is today more easily crossible than the Africa-Europe Mediterranean was two thousand years ago.

The search for the shortest and most practical route to the wealth of the Far East began with Columbus and John Cabot. As the earth's spherical knowledge gradually progressed, the search moved northward. Henry Hudson and shortly thereafter the Hudson Bay Company pushed further into the north country as they strove to shorten the distance to the east. The ill-fated Franklin Expedition in 1845 contributed its share of the pathos. A relentless battle against scurvy, as well as competition and encroachment between the two giant fur-trading companies, culminated in the fifteen-year Pemmican Wars. By 1869 the Union Pacific became the first railroad to span the North American continent.

From 1903-1906 Roald Amundsen in the *Gjoa* navigated the first east-to-west trans-Arctic route by sea and in 1926 by air in the dirigible *Norge* from Spitsbergen via the North Pole to Teller, Alaska. Parry discovered the more northly Lancaster Sound access, which was first successfully navigated by Larsen in 1944. Men like Bell, Murray, and McDougall helped to open the Yukon territory,

—*Culver Service.*

Amundsen's *Fram* and her dogs.

where the Russians were already established. The gold rush followed, along with the major pioneer undertaking of Western Union to establish a telegraph cable across Canada, Alaska, Bering Strait, through Russian Siberia to Europe. With victory in sight, the successful laying of the rival transatlantic cable immediately defeated and canceled the race for this enormous Pacific project. Futile attempts of Harriman and others to establish a railroad across approximately the same territory are dealt with thoroughly. Sir Hubert Wilkins landed the first plane on the Arctic pack ice and in 1928 made a trans-Arctic flight from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitsbergen, north of Norway. In 1931 Wilkins took the first *Nautilus*, an antiquated American Navy submarine, on a journey under the polar pack ice to past eighty-three degrees north, twenty-seven years before the atomic-powered *Nautilus* made its first successful crossing.

In spite of "more than three centuries of competition among nations, corporations, and personalities—centuries of toil, heartbreak, hope, and tragedy"—the quest for the most commercially practical northwest sea passage has had only a limited success. Although the exploration led to many unforeseen consequences, the original purpose has never been attained and the search continues to this very day.

Dr. Stefansson is singularly qualified to analyze and formulate conclusions on his topical undertaking. As an Arctic explorer he ranks with the immortals of the early twentieth century. His pioneer family immigrated from Iceland to Manitoba, Canada, and later moved into North Dakota, where the author was born. After graduation from the University of Iowa, a year at Harvard Divinity School, and two years at Harvard Graduate School, Stefansson served as an anthropologist with the Leffington-Mikkelsen Polar Expedition in 1906. On his second Arctic Expedition (1908-1912) he discovered the "Blond Eskimos." From 1913 to 1918 he led the Canadian-Arctic Expedition, during which he explored and mapped more than 100,000 square miles of hitherto unknown polar territory. Since then Dr. Stefansson has devoted most of his time to writing numerous books, and he has compiled as well a most comprehensive Arctic bibliography.

This book is well organized and highly informative. It contains clearly sketched maps throughout and has an index. For the researcher, a chronological table of persons, dates, and major events would be helpful.

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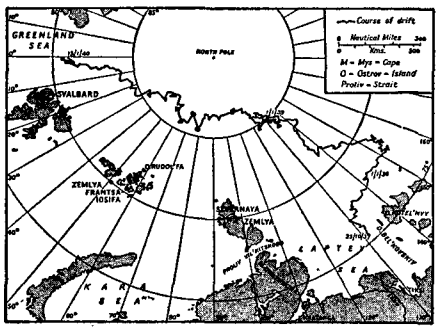
Polar Competition

"The Russians in the Arctic," by Terence Armstrong *(Essential. 182 pp. $4.50), adds considerably to our information regarding Soviet busyness in the frigid North. Reviewer Bernt Balchen, a member of both the Norwegian and American Polar Society, piloted the first flight over the South Pole November 29, 1929. He is a colonel with the U.S. Air Force, with many wartime decorations.*

By Bernt Balchen

IN THIS small volume Mr. Armstrong has compiled a vast amount of information about the Russians' recent activities in the Arctic. As the author points out, the information, most of which has been made available through the Arctic Institute in Leningrad, is what the Russians themselves want to be known, and it cannot, for obvious reasons, be checked. But, anyway, we in the West should take notice, for the Soviets are hard at work in the Arctic, for scientific, commercial, and strategic reasons, and, as stated in the introduction: "Of the magnitude of the effort put into it there can be no doubt."

The author admits that the selection of accounts is haphazard, but that does not matter. They fill out gaps in our knowledge of Soviet activities in the North and are therefore important, even though, as expected, recent years' scientific findings are withheld, as well as information of any military-strategic value, though it is important to notice the mention of the airbase at Rudolf Island, in use since 1936. One thing of the utmost importance is stressed: the continuity with which Soviet polar-people work. Efficient operations in these regions require experience; we in the West cannot expect to get an elite of polar personnel as long as our men are taken away from this work after two to three years.



The drift of the *Sedov*, 1937-40.

A Russian lab-ship locked in the sea.

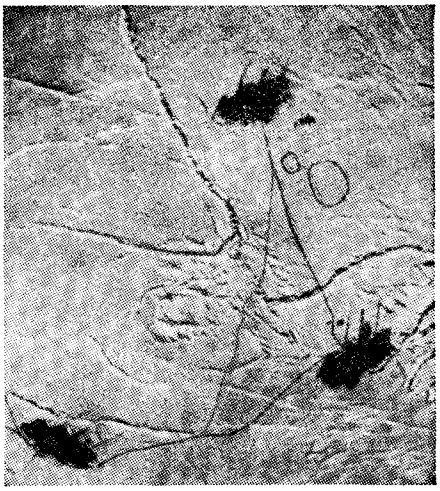
Armstrong's accounts are brief, but interesting. The chapter about the drift of the icebreaker *Sedov* across the polar ocean is fascinating, and gives some data about the climate, which, according to the *Sedov*'s observations, was warmer even then (1937-40) than when the *Fram* drifted across in 1893-96. He has an excellent chapter on Soviet rule and people in the Arctic, giving the Communists' plans, as well as an indication of what they are actually doing with the indigenous population of the Russian Arctic.

The efforts of the Soviets in the Arctic must not and should not be underestimated; they have been and still are gigantic. However, in this reader's opinion, Mr. Armstrong sometimes tends to give them almost too much credit.

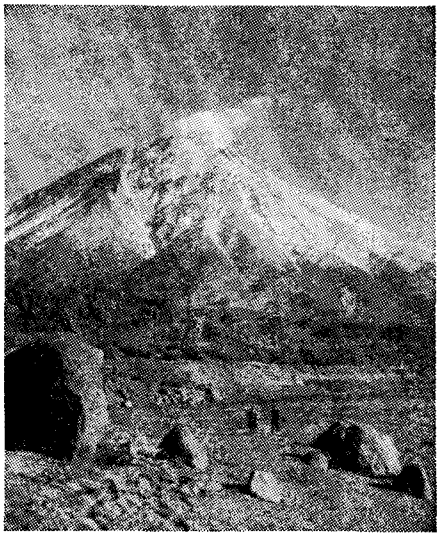
When it comes to ice-landing techniques and utilization of aircraft in the Arctic the Russians are, in my opinion, not necessarily the pioneers. Armstrong mentions that in 1924 the Russians used a Junkers plane to escort the convoys of the Northern Sea route. (When the Communists confiscated the profitably running, European-owned Siberian Steamship, Manufacturing, and Trading Company, established in 1912, which they expanded to its present format, this company already had plans to use aircraft to aid ice navigation.) From the way it is mentioned, it would appear that this is the first use of aircraft in the Arctic since the Russian Nagurskiy's flights over the Barents Sea in 1914. However, the "Maud" Expedition made flights over and landings on the polar pack ice with a Curtiss Oriole between Wrangell Island and Alaska in 1923, and Roald Amundsen, in 1923-24, made several ice landings out from Wainwright, Alaska, with a Junkers. His plan was to fly to Spitsbergen. By the same token, it should not be entirely forgotten that the USAF, since 1946, has made regular weather flights to the North Pole, and that in the winter of 1949-50 USAF made over 150 ski-wheel landings with C-47s, more than fifty helicopter landings, and several glider snatches on the pack ice.

The aircraft has been utilized as extensively in the development of our Arctic as of the Soviet Arctic the last thirty to forty years. I disagree strongly with the author's statement that "the Americans and Canadians have reached today the stage the Russians reached in about 1943." I would say that in 1943 we were technically ahead of them. Neither in Alaska nor in Finnmark (where I observed them personally in 1944-45) did they impress with their winter flight operations—quite the contrary. And there is nothing at all to prove that they are ahead of us in heavy logistics and airlift in the Arctic today.

But these, and a few other remarks that may be debatable, do not detract from the value and purpose of Mr. Armstrong's book, which is to show what the Soviets are doing, not who did what first or best. He is to be commended for making these data available to the West in book form: it should serve as an eye-opener to our planners of present and future Arctic strategy.



Aerial view of the ships *Sedov*, *Sadko*, and *Malygin* drifting in ice.



—From the book.

Koryakskaya, an 11,000-foot volcano in Kamchatka.

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Seduction on the Sahara

"Desert Love," by Henry de Montherlant *(translated by Alec Brown; Noonday. 203 pp. $3.50), describes the relationship between a sophisticated French army officer and a young Arab girl. Anna Balakian, who reviews the novel, is a professor of French literature at New York University.*

By Anna Balakian

THIS love story by the author of "Pity for Women" may appear on the surface to be a French counterpart of "Lolita." The girl is fourteen, but the man (not a psychopath) is the spoiled young scion of a French bourgeois family, gaining his military prestige in North Africa. Isolated in Birbatine, a Moroccan outpost on the fringe of the Sahara, as an officer of a detachment of sharpshooters, Auligny is deprived of the playmates and books of his normal, dilettante existence, and he finds his sole satisfaction in the systematic and gradual possession of a little Arab girl. In the course of a succession of tableaux replete with verbal eroticism, the author explores the subtle distinctions between instinctive and cultivated sensuality. The hedonist friend, Guiscart, who comes to partake in the seduction but stays only long enough to paint the unspoiled beauty of the lass, Ramie, epitomizes overcivilized man in his sex-obsessed, pleasure-weary, art-engrossed stagnation. Eventually the unresponsive girl is awakened to the concept of love. But when the lieutenant suggests that she leave her people to accompany him on his next military assignment, her verbal consent turns out to be a refusal at the moment of departure.

As Montherlant explains in his preface, the present book is composed of sections from *"La Rose de Sable,"* a lengthy novel, anterior to most of his published ones, and which he has been withholding from publication because he considers its political perspective as yet untimely. However, those who have come to recognize the strong sociological streak in Montherlant's powerful writing will readily distinguish the sardonic manner in which his stand against colonialism is revealed: the tone of contempt with which he depicts his shabby specimens of evolved society, in contrast with the dignity and natural grace with which he endows his Arab characters. Indeed, the prostitution or love of the Arab girl assumes in the long view the proportions of a parable: the exploitation of Africa. When at last Europe seeks a more acceptable relationship with the Moslem world, it finds its friendship spurned, as the apparent co-operation turns out to be mere lip-service, the "yes" that means "no."

It is to be hoped that in the near future Monsieur de Montherlant will stop teasing his readers and publish in its entirety the work written during the three years (1927-1930) which he spent in French Colonial Africa, thus restoring the love story to the natural framework of the total novel.

—From the book-jacket.

"The love of the Arab girl assumes the proportions of the exploitation of Africa."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BEHIND THE NOM DE PLUME

You undoubtedly know the pseudonyms of many writers, but do you know the source of some of the pseudonyms? Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, offers the following for identification. Answers on page 33.

1. A leading British novelist uses as pseudonym the name of a character in Ibsen's drama, "Rosmersholm."
2. A prolific Elizabethan returned to earlier poets for inspiration and called himself after one of John Skelton's simple spokesmen.
3. After a printer had difficulty in making out the word with which he signed an essay, this Irish writer used the word's initial diphthong alone as his pseudonym.
4. The surname of a man who helped her begin her literary career provided the nom de plume for this French novelist celebrated for her love affairs.
5. The one-word pseudonym of this nineteenth-century British novelist came from a childish mispronunciation of her middle name, Louise.
6. The great French Renaissance novelist and physician used an anagram of his own name, obviously for safety's sake, when his early work was banned by the Sorbonne.
7. His great admiration for both Shelley and Novalis is reflected in his pseudonym, often abbreviated B.V.
8. The three gifted sisters of Haworth used pseudonyms which preserved their own initials.
9. For some of his journalistic writings and sketches he used the nickname of a small brother, a mispronunciation of the word Moses (from the "Vicar of Wakefield").
10. An Oxford philosopher and mathematician who signed himself "Democritus junior" in order to be known as a second "laughing philosopher" wrote the definitive analysis of melancholy and hanged himself on the day his horoscope (which he had worked out) said he would die.

CHINESE TIDAL WAVE: It is not very often that Marines retreat, and even rarer is the novel, like Ernest Frankel's **"Band of Brothers"** (Macmillan, $4.50), that uses retreat for its central theme. Yet eight years ago American soldiers, as part of the U.N. forces fighting in Korea, conducted their heart-breaking withdrawal from the Yalu River to Hungnam. In this first novel, Frankel, a major in the Marine Corps Reserve, tells the heroic and frightening story of a company of Marines who are caught in the Chi-

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nese tidal wave that poured across the Yalu toward the sea.

There have been too many war novels written in the last ten years for this to be a completely original approach; after all, fighting is fighting, whether in Europe, on Guadalcanal, or in Korea. What Mr. Frankel has done is to make a familiar story come alive in terms of a situation that most readers know little about. The retreat to Hungnam is one of the great epics of our time. "Band of Brothers" documents this action with superb and loving attention to human detail.

The "band" who carry the story forward while, paradoxically, moving backward, are fairly staple Marines —a captain who is unsure of himself, a tough career lieutenant, a devoted top sergeant, a Negro Corpsman, a Korean interpreter, and a variety of riflemen more honored in the breach of their weapons than in the observance of the Geneva Convention. Choy, the interpreter, is the only one of these men I did not find entirely convincing. A skeptical intellectual who would not be out of place in a seminar on American Government, he serves as a foil for the less articulate Marines. Maybe interpreters come like this, but I would like to be shown.

One of Mr. Frankel's minor triumphs is the character of Firesteen, who may well be unique in modern war fiction as a Jew who is neither lonely nor "different." To a lesser extent, this is also true of Huckabee, the Negro. The fact is that the author's melting pot, in this book, melts (as it largely did in war), without sacrificing the individuality of the men as believable human beings. And although I wish that Mr. Frankel's Marines, in the early part of the story, did not talk quite so much the way Marines are supposed to, the dialogue throughout is as good as I have read in a novel of modern war.

—David Dempsey.

OF SPIES AND LIES: Graham Greene's newest suspense thriller, **"Our Man in Havana"** (Viking, $3.50), is more broadly comic than any of its predecessors. Its basic situation—of a British agent who, to keep drawing his pay, sends in reports of fictional spies and imaginary military installations, only to find his fictions coming true—is farcical in the manner of early Evelyn Waugh. Unfortunately, despite the smooth writing and fast pace, the total effect of the book is flat and disappointing. Once having established his tremendously promising situation, Mr. Greene hardly exerts himself at all to develop it. He invents few of the ingenious twists and turns essential to this type of story; he tosses off his characters halfheartedly, pinning each one down with some eccentric quirk and leaving it at that; he devotes no careful planning to the building of suspense.

As if to make up for these deficiencies, he has filled the book with what its jacket calls "undertones." That is, a political philosophy, portentous in tone but easy to follow, is blatantly set forth at the end. It is expressed in a nutshell by one of the characters: "Would the world be in the mess it is if we were loyal to love and not to countries?" Famous last words, to be murmured piously as the bomb falls.

This simpleminded philosophy is not only annoying in itself, but because of the clue it gives to Mr. Greene's attitude towards his own book. It would seem that he considers the suspense thriller somewhat beneath him nowadays, that he must trick it up with "undertones" in order to remind us that it is being written not just by anybody but by Graham Greene.

—James Yaffe.

BEDTIME STORY: Emily and Amy, the bright young heroines of **"The Bright Young Things"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), are eighteen in the continuation of their adventures that began in Amanda Vail's "Love Me Little," and naturally at that relatively advanced age their main concern is finding out all about life. This means, of course, that they are going to find out all about love and sex—mainly the latter. The two lose their virginities almost simultaneously, if I figure the time sequence correctly. Amy has decided to go mad about Henry Salem, an instructor in short-story writing at Northcliffe—where both girls are in their first year—and, more out of envy and imitation, Emily fixes on Henry's friend, William.

All this occurs during Christmas vacation in New York. Henry and Amy discover true love through their trial by bed, but Emily and William have a hollow affair, which ends in his quickly finding another girl and in her winning a short-story contest.

The trouble with Emily is that she doesn't really have much of a problem. She tries sex and finds it largely a cold potato without love, and so at the end she is mooning about her own emptiness. Miss Vail is awfully kind to Emily, since what she appears to be basically is a spoiled little cookie. I didn't like her much. Amy is hardly worth writing about at all, because what does she do once she discovers what LIFE is all about? She gets married!

It should be mentioned that the characters have "bright and amusing" conversations—everything from Zen Buddhism to beat poetry. Emily also has thoughts, most of them of a relatively autumnal cast. It is to be doubted that any girl her age ever had such reflections, but that doesn't matter, if the story amuses, even moderately. The story amuses, moderately. Warren Miller, it can now be officially announced, is the author.

—Hollis Alpert.

TRINIDAD TALES: Samuel Selvon's is a strange voice, poignant, rich in halftones and nostalgic dissonances. His "The Lonely Londoners," a novel in 170 small pages, was not so much a novel, in the view of those who look for a progressing story-line, as it was a loosely-tied series of vignettes. The nineteen short stories he has just published in **"Ways of Sunlight"** (St. Martin's Press, $2.95) come no closer to the classic form. Read singly, with time between, few of them would strike with great impact, but read as a book they are memorable.

"The Lonely Londoners" was concerned with West Indians newly come to London. Half the stories in "Ways of Sunlight" use the same scene; half are set in Trinidad, Mr. Selvon's birthplace. They are not notable for dramatic tension, or for the implacable growth or decay of character, but they do convey stunningly accurate portraits, much humor, and a warming, balanced conviction of the indestructibility of the human spirit. Many are in skilfully-done dialect.

> One time a fellar name Small Change get a work with London Transport. Small Change not really his name, but that is how all the boys know him as. I mean, you could know a fellar good, owe him money, or he owe you, go all about with him, and the both of you good, good friends, and yet if a day don't come when it really necessary to know what his true name is, he would dead and you still calling him Small Change.

Mr. Selvon is by no means dependent upon dialect. One of the most moving of the stories, "My Girl and the City," is wholly introspective.

—Ken W. Purdy.

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—Culver Service.

Lost Colony of Virginia—"The determining forces . . . were indigenous."

Panorama of a Pioneering People

"The Americans: The Colonial Experience," by Daniel J. Boorstin *(Random House. 434 pp. $6), spans this country's youth from the first settlements through the blistering days of the Revolution. Bruce Lancaster, our reviewer, is the author of many books dealing with U.S. history, among them "From Lexington to Liberty."*

By Bruce Lancaster

IT IS a very real—and rare—pleasure to come upon such a book as this. Not only is the author in full control of his material but he has also hit upon a highly arresting form of presentation. Added to this is his obvious mastery of lucid, free-flowing English. It is only after the last page is turned that the reader becomes aware of the vast amount of devoted work and thought that have gone into this study. The result is a superb panorama of life in America from the first settlements on through the white-hot days of the Revolution.

Dr. Boorstin's main contention is that what transpired in those years was no mere transplanting of liberal tendencies whose growth had been choked off in Europe. The determining forces, many of which flow strongly today, were indigenous. The author by no means discounts the political, religious, social, and cultural equipment that the settlers brought with them. But how that equipment developed was the work, conscious or unconscious, of these people in their new land.

Four areas are dealt with in detail. The Massachusetts Bay Colony is treated with unusual comprehension and even gentleness. Its people, Dr. Boorstin holds, were "less concerned with perfecting their formulation of the Truth than with making society in America embody that Truth. Puritan New England was a noble experiment in applied theology." This is a far cry from H. L. Mencken's conception of "sour gatherings of hell-crazy deacons." And, in this environment, American Puritanism followed a markedly different course from Puritanism in Europe.

The original settlement in Pennsylvania was distinguished by its Quaker founders' belief in the equality and goodness of all men and by religious tolerance. Since all men, and hence all faiths, were good, they welcomed any and all newcomers and, in theory, eternal tranquility should have reigned. But there were awkward Quaker quirks such as "an urge to martyrdom" even when no one appeared particularly eager to make martyrs of them. They were intensely concerned with the purity of their own souls. And they resolutely refused to weaken their iron-clad pacifism in the face of French and Indian attacks on the Pennsylvania borders. In lesser mundane matters they were equally obdurate. Under their control it was obvious that the colony would soon go under. But, rather than compromise, the Quakers allowed the colonial government to pass virtually out of their hands.

Dropping far to the south, we are shown Georgia, which began as a hard and fast planned economy designed as an asylum for the indigent and oppressed. This was blue-printed by well-meaning men who knew little of the human mind and still less of the land where their philanthropic Elysium was supposed to flourish. The venture was ordained to certain failure as were many of the dreamy New Deal projects of the 1930s and for many of the same reasons. But Georgia grew and throve, though in far different shape than it had begun.

The Virginians, whom Dr. Boorstin neatly terms "The Transplanters," essayed to bring over a neat carbon copy of the English country squirearchy. New World conditions and thought altered the original intent almost beyond recognition. Something of a squirearchy did develop, but it was Virginian, not English.

Having skilfully dissected these four control guinea pigs, the author turns to a glittering bill of particulars. We are shown how thought in general followed its own unique course through the long years, shaped by the people of the New World and by the New World itself. The growth of American universities, and the sea-change which these essentially English institutions underwent, makes a fascinating section, as does the peculiar development of the learned professions, medicine, and the sciences. None of these manifestations followed the course that might have been expected of them, given their background, nor the course contemplated by the firstcomers. The New World and the men who grew up in it were to have their say.

It is a temptation to treat other aspects of this book. Dr. Boorstin's explorations of speech, accent, spelling, reading habits, the press, and so on will hold any reader, as will his discussion of the lack of any one dominant cultural capital or center. Particular heed should be paid his closing section on war and diplomacy, which makes timely and provocative reading since many colonial habits of military and diplomatic thought are with us to this day.

There is a welcome absence of smugly knowing iconoclasm or parading of half-truths *pour épater le bourgeois*. Dr. Boorstin has given us an amazingly stimulating and brilliant study of America's past in which its present may be recognized and its future envisioned. He has thus placed every literate American in his debt.

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That Best Beloved Battle

"The Great Rebellion," by Earl Schenck Miers *(World. 369 pp. $6),* ***"High Tide at Gettysburg," by Glenn Tucker*** *(Bobbs-Merrill. 462 pp. $5), and* ***"Blockade Runners of the Confederacy," by Hamilton Cochran*** *(Bobbs-Merrill. 350 pp. $5), add not only to the literature on the Civil War, but to an understanding of our national character. "Prince of Carpetbaggers" is the most recent book by our reviewer, Jonathan Daniels.*

By Jonathan Daniels

SOME day, maybe not as far off as the planners of the centennial of the Civil War contemplate, the flow of books about that best beloved war will reach the flood and the writing and reading about it will begin to ebb. That time does not yet seem to be at hand.

Wherever on printed pages the saber and the minie ball strike, the blood seems to flow as fresh and red as once it did on Cemetery Ridge. The blockade runners slip under the guns of the federal fleet with still stirring courage. Only the pace of the presses now keeps from us the details of every incident and almost every personality in the great Blue-Gray story. More important, however, the details add up to the evident truth that the preoccupation with the Civil War represents more than an infatuation with one part of our past. It indicates, I think, an understanding, which Earl Schenck Miers has now made manifest, that the 1860s were the decisive years above all others in which our character as a nation was shaped.

That is an easier generalization to make than prove. All the qualities which came out of that war were carried into it by the brash and the timid, the consecrated and those who never let any threat to a cause interfere with a profit for themselves. Glenn Tucker suggests even that greatness today may suffer from indisposition tomorrow—as may have been the result of Lee's eating too many ripe cherries on the road to the battle. And the purposes of leaders may sometimes be less important, he indicates, than the results of too much booze before a battle and the lack of water in the canteens during the fighting. Finally, Mr. Tucker's book suggests that no one can contemplate the American character without considering American luck, too, good and bad.

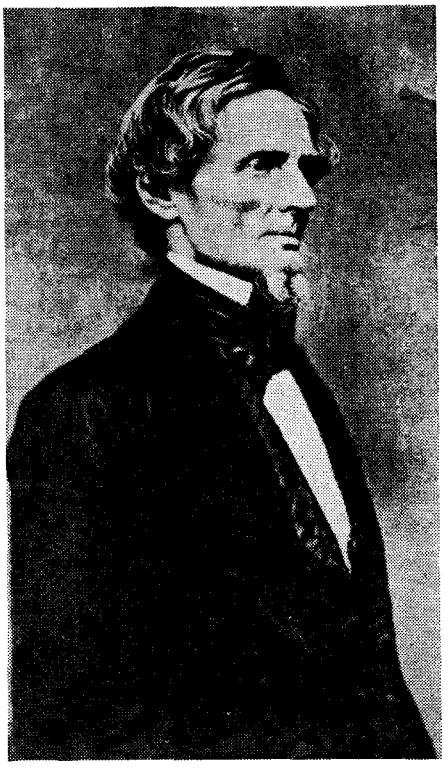
Perhaps our best luck is to have an historian like Earl Miers, who can come beyond roaring action in the hills of Pennsylvania and the shores of the Carolinas to the war's meaning for us a century later.

Mr. Cochran seemed to me more to have collected the liveliest material about blockade running than to have written a cohesive and comprehensive book about it. Still perhaps many will find his book better reading because he does not turn too critical an eye upon the personal reports of some of his romantic voyagers, such as, for instance, the lady spy, Belle Boyd. With better craftsmanship Mr. Tucker has put his excellent Gettysburg account together with understanding, gusto, realism, and scholarship. He tells the story of this greatest American battle with the narrative power of a charge resounding with Rebel yells and lit with the gleam of Union steel. This is a grand Gettysburg book even if it arouses old arguments as to what might have happened in those early July days in 1863.

What actually happened to America's spirit in that war is Mr. Miers's penetrating and beautiful story. In it the sound of guns is less evident than the whisper of men's consciences. Earl Miers has written dramatically of campaigns and generals in earlier books. Now he has produced a great summation of the meaning of the war. It is written in terms of talismanic days: the Christmas week in 1860 when war threatened, the day in April when Southern batteries began to fire on Fort Sumter, and the time beginning on Palm Sunday in 1865 when Lee moved to his inevitable meeting with Grant—on to the night when Lincoln sat in a box at Ford's Theatre.

FROM such dramatic days Mr. Miers counts the emergence of the American conscience from enslavements only symbolized by Negro bondage. "The Great Rebellion," as written by Mr. Miers with much knowledge and deep feeling, becomes a sort of great revelation, too. Quietly, but with dramatic power, he seems to me to have put together a book which makes almost the new testament of the American tradition—the meaning of the second revolution which this nation required for the full attainment of its dignity in freedom.

We will not soon have too many books about such a war. The tide in its storytelling, I suspect, is still rising. And that is good. All the writing which illuminates America's irrepressible recollection of its Civil War helps us to see not merely our past but ourselves. The war may be a hundred years behind us soon. But, as Earl Miers makes forever clear, it is still close at hand in our hearts.



FOUR FATEFUL YEARS in the life of a city are recreated in Stanley Kimmel's pictures-with-text book, **"Mr. Davis's Richmond"** (Coward-McCann, $7.50). In 1861 Jefferson Davis, left, President and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States of America, named Richmond the capital of the Confederacy. From a sleepy Southern city, Richmond became the center of wartime chaos. Four years later another President, Abraham Lincoln, paid his final, victorious visit to the city. Below, thousands of Yankees were imprisoned in the riverside tobacco warehouse, notorious as Richmond's Libby Prison.

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Growth of a Great

***"The Lincoln Nobody Knows," by Richard N. Current** (McGraw-Hill. 314 pp. $5.50), examines eleven controversial areas in the Civil War President's historiography. The author's conclusions are weighed by historian Philip Van Doren Stern, whose "End to Valor: Last Days of the Civil War" was recently published.*

By Philip Van Doren Stern

NEARLY 5,000 books and pamphlets about Abraham Lincoln have been published, yet fewer than a dozen full-length biographies of permanent value exist. Richard N. Current collaborated on one of them —and had to finish the actual writing when James G. Randall died in 1953, leaving the last eight chapters of his four-volume work uncompleted.

One might think that Dr. Current would be unduly influenced by Randall's thinking, but fortunately this is not so. He has a mind of his own and often disagrees with Randall. He brings the true scholar's eye to the examination of eleven controversial phases of the Lincoln theme, and comes up with honest, forthright, and well-documented conclusions. He is kinder than Randall (and Mrs. Randall) to Ann Rutledge and Billy Herndon, more critical of McClellan, and more positive about slavery's being one of the basic causes of the Civil War.

Like David Donald, who also came under Randall's powerful influence, he has broken away from the Revisionist attitude and tries to bring true impartiality to the controversy which has marred the writing of Civil War history for so long. Now that the centennial years are approaching one may hope that the whole truth can be told without prejudice or angry passion. Certainly a good start has been made when two academic historians as important as Current and Donald escape from the shadow of Revisionism, a school of thinking that was, under its mask of professional impartiality, as partial as the violently pro-Union school of writing that preceded it.

Dr. Current calls his book "an essay in the uncertain, the undecided, the unknown." His rational discussion of eleven debatable areas in Lincoln historiography gives his book great interest even when lack of final evidence prevents him from coming to any clear-cut decision about some of them. He has chosen his major topics well and brings valid scholarship to them.

One could wish that he had refrained from such speculation as trying to indicate what might have happened if Lincoln had publicly informed the nation while he was President-elect that he "had no intention of promoting, directly or indirectly, the abolition of slavery in the South or the establishment of complete racial equality anywhere." And his fantasy about Lincoln's probable postwar career "if Booth had missed" hardly belongs in a solidly documented historical work. This kind of fruitless speculation is better left to books of entertainment like "If, or History Rewritten," in which Milton Waldman toyed with the same idea twenty-seven years ago.

When Dr. Current deals realistically with Lincoln's career he comes to the point and expresses his views clearly and succinctly. No one has summed up Lincoln's seemingly wavering career in the effort to free the slaves more understandingly than in these few words:

> The most remarkable thing about him was his tremendous power of growth. He grew in sympathy, in the breadth of his humaneness, as he grew in other aspects of the mind and spirit. . . . There is confusion regarding particular phases of his Presidential career because nobody knows for sure just what point he had reached at any given moment. But there should be little question as to which way he was going.

HORSEMANSHIP: One of the best books ever written about the famous Confederate cavalry leader, James Ewell Brown (Jeb) Stuart, is a biography-memoir published in 1885 by his former Adjutant General, Henry Brainerd McClellan. Long out of print, it has now been edited for present-day readers by Burke Davis under the title **"I Rode with Jeb Stuart: Life and Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, by H. B. McClellan"** (Indiana University Press, $6.50). McClellan is still well worth reading today because he was an honest and accurate author. Though he was not with Stuart in the initial stages of the war, and though at the time he wrote his book important sources were unavailable to him, he achieved an enduring portrait, one which, as Davis writes in his introduction, "must be central in any re-creation of the great cavalryman." Davis, who has reached wide reading audiences with his biographies of Stuart, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, has supplied editor's notes that correct and supplement McClellan and provide an up-to-date critique of Stuart's military career. —HAL BRIDGES.

HOOSIER FARM BOY: When General William T. Sherman set out to end the Civil War by cutting a swath of destruction through Georgia and the Carolinas, one of the marchers in his victorious army was an Indiana farm boy named Theodore Frelinghuysen Upson. After the war Upson pieced together for his children, partly from memory but largely from his wartime writings, a remarkable narrative of his army experiences. This manuscript has been skilfully edited by Oscar Osburn Winther in **"With Sherman to the Sea: The Civil War Letters, Diaries and Reminiscences of Theodore F. Upson"** (Indiana University Press, $3.75). Before marching with Sherman, Upson was with Grant at Vicksburg and Chattanooga. His narrative is exceptionally rich in concrete detail on the daily life of the Northern infantryman—what he wore, what he ate, how he amused himself, how he marched and suffered and sometimes died. It also provides, as Bell I. Wiley points out in his preface to the book, revealing insight into the mind and character of Upson and the thousands of other young men like him who loved the Union and fought with simple, prosaic heroism to preserve it. —H. B.

FROM BETHLEHEM TO GOLGOTHA scholar Paul Bruin and photographer Philipp Giegel followed the Biblical trail. The record of their pilgrimage through the Holy Land is told, in photographs and text, in **"Jesus Lived Here"** (Morrow, $10). Jesus's life, where he lived, preached, died, is given a new reality in this pictorial account. Via Dolorosa, above, now a busy Jerusalem byway, is the ancient "street of the cross."

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Incarnation of the Most High

"Life of Christ," by Fulton J. Sheen *(McGraw-Hill. 559 pp. $6.50), the forty-ninth book by the Auxiliary Bishop of New York, is principally concerned with a presentation of the Cross. Our critic is the Reverend Carl Hermann Voss, editor of the interfaith anthology "The Universal God" and minister of the Congregational Church in Saratoga Springs, New York.*

By Carl Hermann Voss

FULTON J. SHEEN, Auxiliary Bishop of New York and national director of the World Mission Society for the Propagation of the Faith, a leading radio personality since the mid-1930s and a TV star of magnitude throughout the 1950s, has written, as his forty-ninth book, a life of Christ. Like all his works by tongue and pen it is impressive. More than half a thousand pages in length, this volume is lavishly dedicated "To Mary, the Triple Author" and quotes copiously from the Ronald Knox translation of the New Testament. Comprising sixty-two chapters, it begins with "The Only Person Ever Pre-announced" and concludes with "Christ Takes on a New Body."

Bishop Sheen carefully notes in the preface that he did not write "a strictly chronological Life of Christ in a geographical setting" and was not focusing on Biblical criticism. His primary concern centers on a presentation of the Cross, for he wants nothing to do with a "Christ without His Cross . . . a cheap, feminized, colorless, itinerant preacher, a sultry precursor of democracy or a humanitarian who talked brotherhood without tears . . . a sentimental Christ . . . patched together with a thousand commonplaces, sustained sometimes by academic etymologists who cannot see the Word for the letters, or distorted beyond personal recognition by a dogmatic principle that anything which is Divine must necessarily be a myth."

Rather than compose a conventional biography, Bishop Sheen has set forth a homiletical exegesis of the Gospel accounts about Jesus the Christ, Son of God, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, and Very God of Very God. Anyone looking for "the historical Jesus" will not find him here, for this portrait presents the Incarnation of the Most High here on earth. Many Protestants, most Jews, and all followers of non-Christian faiths will gain scant comfort and inspiration from these pages. Outside the fold of Roman Catholicism there are millions of Christians and tens of millions in the humanist-secularist-agnostic category who are reluctant to call Jesus "Our Blessed Lord," for they hear again his question: "Why call ye me good? There is none good save God."

No less disconcerting to such honest, earnest folk will be the Bishop's personalizing of demonic forces in man and the world as "Satan." That device, usually reserved for literal Biblicists and Fundamentalists, is an integral part of Sheen's vocabulary.

In a number of instances Bishop Sheen refers respectfully to other faiths of mankind—to Judaism, forerunner of Christianity, to Buddhism, and Taoism, to the pagan cults and mystery religions of the Graeco-Roman world—but these are, in his opinion, only acolytes at the altar of God's Supreme and Unique Revelation and are part of a great procession of "Pre-announcers for the Coming of the Lord."

If you believe that the Old Testament's prophecies of Isaiah and Daniel heralded the Coming of the Christ Child, that Tacitus, Suetonius, the Chinese sages in their Annals of the Celestial Empire, Socrates and Plato, Confucius and Aeschylus and the Sibyls and Virgil predicted the Coming of the Messiah who was Jesus, the Anointed One, this is your book.

If, however, you look upon the Man of Nazareth as one whose simplicity of spirit, clarity of mind, and purity of motive were so powerful as to give, by precept and example, guidance to Godseekers of good will everywhere, then this is not your book.

The writing in Sheen's "Life of Christ" is at times so fervent as to be perfervid, the imagery exaggerated, and the preaching anything but subtle. The Bishop has, as he says in his preface, studied long, prayed devoutly, thought deeply, and suffered much. Yet his "Life of Christ" will cause some, saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus," disappointment, for they will ask, "Are you he whom we have sought? Or look we for another?" —and then turn sorrowfully away.

—*From "Archaeology and the Old Testament."*

Portrait of Sargon II found in his palace.

Mirror of the Past

"Archaeology and the Old Testament," by James B. Pritchard *(Princeton University Press. 263 pp. $5), and* ***"The Ancient Near East: An Anthology of Texts and Pictures," edited by James B. Pritchard*** *(Princeton University Press. 380 pp. $6), between them offer much enlightenment for those interested in Biblical origins. Between 1932 and 1947* SR*'s reviewer, Nelson Glueck, made important archaeological discoveries in Palestine and Transjordan.*

By Nelson Glueck

JAMES B. Pritchard's "Archaeology and the Old Testament" is based on thorough knowledge of the field, first-hand archaeological experience, fine editorial judgment, and it is also well written and richly illustrated.

Actually, the book under review depends considerably on two previous ones by the same author, namely his "Ancient Near Eastern Texts Relating to the Old Testament" and his "The Ancient Near East in Pictures Relating to the Old Testament," but it stands on its own merits. It is frequently true that the condensation of a multivolume work into a single book geometrically diminishes the clarity of the former and increases the indigestibility of the latter. This is certainly not so of Pritchard's "Archaeology and the Old Testament."

It is really a new and exciting book, and definitely not just a mishmash of its excellent predecessors by the same

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Saturday Review

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The Individual Goes to Geneva

THE head of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, which makes and stockpiles the big atomic explosives, has expressed grave concern about the present meetings in Geneva. These meetings have as their object some workable beginning in applying the brakes to the runaway nuclear engines of the nations. If the Geneva meeting can find some basis for ending the testing of nuclear weapons, then a specific gain for sanity will have taken place; the path will be cleared for the next step and the step beyond that. Yet the head of the American Atomic Energy Commission is worried lest Geneva succeed. He fears that, if it does, the AEC will not be able to carry out what he apparently believes to be an even more important objective; namely, the development of a "clean" nuclear bomb. Thus, the greater value is not the creation of effective controls over a force that could fracture this planet but the development of a "clean" bomb which loses none of its civilization-pulverizing power even though it may reduce its radioactive yield.

The fantasy becomes compounded when it is realized that the freedom and security of the American people depend not on national nuclear supremacy but on world nuclear control. For a nuclear arms race creates a momentum for nuclear war. In such a war, neither freedom nor security nor purposeful life can be sustained. The number of men in the world who have the power of decision to use the bombs grows day by day. So do the situations which provide either a temptation or apparent cause for using the bombs to clear the air.

Yet the head of the AEC would forego an *enforceable* ending to nuclear explosions in order to produce a "clean" bomb. In fact, every time the U.S. seems on the verge of making progress in the question of nuclear control, some spokesman from the AEC steps forward and holds before us the golden vision of a "clean" bomb as though this were the ultimate in human refinement. It is now eighteen months since the AEC first came forward with the notion of the "clean" bomb. Since that time, dozens upon dozens of bombs have been exploded; the air is infinitely dirtier than it was a year ago; but the nonsense of a "clean" bomb is still with us.

If the men who chronicled the American Constitutional Convention could have had some preview of what is happening today, they would have had ample confirmation of the most important single point they were trying to make to the new nation. This point was that even the best men go bad in situations of unchecked power. The AEC is not today wholly a part of the checks and balances of representative government. It can use its power of secrecy to shield itself from the consequences of its errors. Its work is not adequately subject to the review of other agencies, not even of Congress. It explodes the bombs, but is not required to report to the people concerning the effects or implications of those explosions. Its powers of manufacture have not been separated from its powers of evaluation.

It is only when a prodigious accident occurs that the public has any glimpse of the runaway power of the new weapons over which the AEC presides. The most recent of these accidents now vitally affects the people of Los Angeles, who have been subjected to shock radioactive fallout as the result of the slam-bang beat-the-deadline recent series of explosions in Nevada. The AEC was no more able to try to control the wind that carried the radioactive poisons from its Nevada tests than it was several years ago when the Japanese fishermen and the Marshall Islanders were hit by radioactive ashes far outside the designated danger zone. In the case of Los Angeles, the fallout zoomed far beyond the danger limits proclaimed by the AEC itself.

Knowing that the President of the United States had declared a one-year suspension of nuclear testing, beginning on October 31, the AEC advanced its testing program and fired off more shots than have ever been compressed into a single week. In so doing, it substantially destroyed whatever moral power the President's statement may have had before the outside world. It weakened our hand at Geneva. And it exposed millions of people in California and possibly elsewhere to serious danger. On the last day before the deadline, shot after shot tore at the earth and filled the sky with its deathly dirt.

ON all sides, it becomes increasingly clear that none of the nations now possessing nuclear weapons, or about to develop them, is eager to put an end to the nuclear race. The Soviet Union, after calling attention to the growing worldwide menace of radioactive fallout, and after announcing a unilateral suspension of testing, casually resumed its explosions and set off bombs with prodigious radioactive yield, the effects of which will be felt for years. Great Britain is taking part in the Geneva talks but is not pressing for effective agreement; Britain would like to develop its nuclear power as an offset to its comparatively low manpower and, in its own words, to restore its major status in the world. One would suppose that the real mark of greatness for a nation in the world today is represented not by the size of its stockpiles but by its leadership in behalf of the big ideas that can promote human safety on this earth.

Yet, what is most important about Geneva is not that it should be a meeting of reluctant men, but that it is being held. It is being held because world opinion has begun to make its weight felt on this issue. And it is public opinion that will determine whether anything of consequence will come out of Geneva. What is public opinion? It is not merely organized protest or mass movements. It is the individual thinking and acting beyond his personal needs, putting his large concerns to work through all the means available to him. In short, public opinion is what happens when the individual decides that human destiny is too important a job to be left to government.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITORIAL PROTEST

HARRISON SMITH'S editorial (*SR* Oct. 18) is extremely puzzling. He begins by asserting that Senator Theodore Green, Chairman of Senate Foreign Relations Committee, upset the applecart by stating that Quemoy-Matsu were not necessary for the defense of Formosa. This statement was really old hat. At least a dozen prominent Senators, including Republicans, and many other prominent political and military leaders had said this long before the venerable Senator from Rhode Island joined the chorus. General Ridgeway, former Army chief of staff, in his book "Soldier: The Memoirs of Matthew B. Ridgeway," made it very clear that Quemoy-Matsu had nothing whatever to contribute to the defense of Formosa. And the present writer has pointed this out repeatedly in articles to the press, on radio, and over television.

The Quemoy-Matsu issue is completely false and spurious. The more troops and supplies that Chiang and his United States advisers pour into these two offshore rock-piles, the easier it would be for the Chinese to capture Formosa by force, if such a capture were feasible. But every informed person, especially Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung, know full well that the capture of Formosa by force is impossible so long as the United States is determined to defend it. In good conscience we really ought to stop repeating this hoax. Formosa is not in danger of military invasion by the Chinese, now or in the foreseeable future. What would they use for a Navy? This can only mean that the Formosa Resolution does not extend to the defense of Quemoy-Matsu, for they could not be used either for an attack on Formosa or an invasion of the mainland. The issue is a phony, pure and simple.

Just where Mr. Smith's 100 million Russian captives from East Germany through Eastern Europe came into this picture is also confusing. I was through much of this section of the world in 1957 and the people seemed far from captives. In fact, most of the people in this area have never known "freedom" in the Anglo-Saxon sense any more than Latin Americans. In addition, Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania were part of Russia long before most of the States were part of the United States.

And is it necessary for the *Saturday Review* to promote the propaganda of Joseph Alsop, one of the most widely syndicated columnists in the world? He has not a scintilla of factual support for his claim that Stalin destroyed 20 million Russians, or the projection that Mao Tse-tung is about to destroy 100 million Chinese.

Mr. Alsop has not been in China since the Chinese Communists came to power and a visit to Formosa is probably the poorest possible place for accurate reporting of conditions on the mainland of China. Mr. Smith's further quotation from Mr. Alsop that "Communist China may emulate Russia and invade and conquer the fertile nations of Southeast Asia" is a masterpiece of news slanting by innuendo by both.

As for Mr. Smith's parenthetical paragraph about the bombings and hate in the South of the United States, perhaps I should limit my remarks to stating that it appears that Governor Faubus is trying to do on a regional basis the same thing that Mr. Dulles is attempting on the international stage: creation of second class citizens of all who are unwilling to accept his views of white supremacy.

HUGH B. HESTER,
Brig. Gen., U.S. Army (Ret.)
New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"My boy here is to learn the business from the bottom up—so teach him all about your job."

BAD IMPRESSIONS

BEFORE I JOINED the United Nations, and came to New York from Moscow, I had known some basic facts about the American literature of the nineteenth century and of the first half of the twentieth century. But I had not been properly acquainted with modern American literature. Naturally I hoped to use my stay here to fill in this hiatus in my education. Soon after my arrival last summer I asked a salesgirl in a bookshop for something interesting. She told me briskly, "Take this one—everybody's reading it now." I took "this one." It happened to be "Peyton Place."

I tried to look for guidance to the best-seller lists. But very soon I discovered that the most sold books are not necessarily the best. Then I remembered seeing an article in *SR*—on how Americans would like to show their country to visiting Russians. It was written on the basis of readers' letters and it was very informative and enlightening. But, as I see it, *SR* being largely a literary magazine, you could and should do much more.

BORIS V. KARPOV.
New York, N. Y.

REPRINTS ON GRASS-ROOTS

CAN *SR* TELL us whether any provision has been made to sell reprints of Robert Lewis Shayon's wonderful article, "Report from the Grass-Roots" (*SR* Sept. 13)?

HANNAH MAJUS.
Boise, Idaho.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints of Mr. Shayon's article are available at the following rates: from 1 to 10 copies, 25¢ each; 11 to 100, 20¢ each; 101 to 250, 18¢ each; 251 to 500, 15¢ each; 501 or more, 12¢ each.*

FDR A MURDERER?

I WAS FASCINATED by the simplicity of the solution to the problem of eliminating war which Leo Tolstoy offered (*SR* Aug. 9). As the EDITOR'S NOTE pointed out, the crucial achievement was to "rescue the question of peace from politics and to put it in a universal setting." According to Tolstoy, those who want to fight war should not "address themselves to the governments." Instead, they should "draw up and publish an appeal to all men." War is murder, and "it is only necessary to put (this truth) clearly before men for the evil called war to become quite impossible." Simplicity can be difficult to understand—at least to my mind Tolstoy's simple truth became entangled in hopeless complications when I tried to visualize Franklin D. Roosevelt as a murderer because he had "resisted evil" and made war upon the Nazis.

WALTER M. MARSEILLE.
Berkeley, Calif.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

One-Man Shows

ALEC GUINNESS'S one-man show in **"The Horse's Mouth"** demonstrates versatility, courage, and self-discipline. His canvas is energetic, his brush-strokes fresh, his grasp of his material firm. Joyce Cary's novel might have seemed unfriendly screen material for most screen artists, but not for Mr. Guinness. He has made Gulley Jimson his own; he has even gone ahead and written his own lines, along with everyone else's. Meet, then, Alec Guinness, screenwriter. In "The Horse's Mouth" he is a very good one. As actor in the same movie Mr. Guinness is very close to being his most splendid, wearing a gray stubble of whiskers about his chin and jowls, dressed in seedy clothes, more often than not streaked with burnt umber, zinc white, and manganese violet.

Gulley Jimson, at the point we meet him in this superbly outrageous movie, has just emerged from a month in prison, prepared once more to do battle with the Philistines—which means that he is ready to attack a canvas or, even better, a wall. For Jimson is, if anything, a muralist. The proper blank wall can send him into an artistic frenzy. The absolutely perfect wall he finds in the apartment of Sir William Beeder. The Beeders are just off to Jamaica, and by pawning some of the Beeder's antique silver Jimson is able to buy the necessary materials for his mural, "Lazarus," a project which has to do with feet. But though his approach is representational he does not hesitate to employ distortion for meaning and effect. In fact, if one were to attempt to sum up Gulley Jimson as to style and method one might best term him an "expressionist-distortionist."

Is Gulley Jimson genius or *artist-manqué*? Mr. Guinness never lets us know with certainty. He might be either. His impulse seems unwaveringly sincere, that is determinedly anti-Philistinistic. His execution, it must be acknowledged, sometimes misses the mark, but Jimson would be the first to admit this. One of his most grandiose projects was the painting of a wall of a bomb-damaged chapel about to give way to a wrecking crew. The fact that this masterpiece is immediately bulldozed into oblivion disturbs Jimson not in the least. On he goes, heading down the Thames in his houseboat, seeking fresh walls and brighter colors.

Nobly assisting Mr. Guinness in his hilarious grotesquerie are such delightful people as Kay Walsh, Renee Houston, and Michael Gough; and Ronald Neame catches the proper spirit with his direction.

* * *

Even more of a one-man show is Jacques Tati's **"My Uncle, Mr. Hulot,"** a not too felicitous American rendering of "Mon Oncle," the original title. Tati not only writes and acts in, but he directs his movie. As in his others ("Jour de Fete" and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday") he depends to a large degree on pantomime, keeps to a scant minimum of dialogue, and develops a long series of sight gags. But his purpose this time seems a good deal more serious than in his other efforts, and perhaps it is this that gets him into trouble, or at least prevents him from making a wholly satisfactory comedy. Tati, in this movie, is concerned with modern times, specifically with modern homes and factories, plastic and aluminized surfaces, triple-toned cars, with sterilization and mechanization. His happy wife, living in her functional paradise, is often neither funny nor touching. She is a cipher, and Tati's implied comment is broad and blistering.

Others of the characters, having also lost touch with nature's reality, seem to have lost their identity. Unfortunately, they also lose their humanity, and probably it is for this reason that Tati's comedy doesn't quite come off, even though the bumbling figure of Mr. Hulot is still good for many laughs. If there is a story in what often appears to be a rambling collection of elaborately worked out jokes it has to do with a small boy who is unhappy with the shiny, metallic world his parents have placed him in, and who likes the far less functional world of his uncle, Mr. Hulot. Mr. Hulot's neighborhood is out of touch with time; it goes on the way it always has, hit-or-miss. But eventually the boy and his parents find each other, by finding a way to relax and have fun in the electronic nightmare. This isn't much of a story, mainly because there isn't much substance to the people. Tati's message seems to have slightly obscured the humorist. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Domestic Troubles

THE new season is two months old and, with the exception of an off-Broadway production of "Ivanov," there is not a single new show that I can recommend with any real enthusiasm. The most recent batch of openings is typical of a season in which our writers have too little to say and take too much time saying it.

"The Man in the Dog Suit," adapted by Albert Beich and William H. Wright from Edwin Corle's novel, "Three Ways to Mecca," postulates a delightful idea. A bank-teller who has conformed to smalltown society finds that when he puts on a dog suit for a costume ball his pent-up, antisocial self is released, much to the embarrassment of his relatives who run the town. But, instead of our being entertained by their discomfort, we are sobered by the too doggedly natural and trite way in which they react. The truth is all too evident. To laugh at it we need to paint it in broader strokes. It is no fun to stick a pin in a balloon unless it is fully inflated.

Hume Cronyn is fine in the title role. He alternates between pathos as the trapped bank-teller and wild comedy as the man in the dog suit. But the actors around him, and this includes that excellent actress, Jessica Tandy, who plays his wife, seem tired illustrations of the author's depressing thesis.

The other two comedies opening last week set out to entertain with as little thesis as possible. They both concerned the acceptance of extra-marital love affairs and both seemed to feel that as long as these were temporary they should not be allowed to break up long-standing happy marriages.

Leslie Stevens's **"Marriage-Go-Round"** uses the same technique as "The World of Suzie Wong," namely the prolongation of audience interest through a man refusing to go to bed with an overwilling and gorgeous girl for two-thirds of the play. Mr. Stevens never makes it clear why his hero holds out so long, even though he has lecture platforms at both sides of the stage from which husband and wife appear to be discussing their behavior with the utmost intelligence.

Indeed, most of the fun comes at those moments when Charles Boyer as the lucky victim abruptly leaps from the embrace of his pursuer to come to the podium and rationalize his behavior in an objective and dignified manner. Claudette Colbert, as his wife, has the less enviable task of discussing her problem with an uneasy smugness. She has a few good moments when she is able to do what any woman would do to get back at her adversary, but too much of her part is on the women's magazine level.

Under Jo Anthony's direction the cast, which includes Julie Newmar as the biggest temptation on Broadway, and Edmond Ryan as a quiet professorial adulterer, attack this third-rate piece of theatre with first-rate discipline and disarming relaxation. They use Donald Oenslager's neat revolving stage like gay adventurers hooking a ride on a moving streetcar. But by the end of the evening we know that the ride has been on us.

"Patate," which is a long-playing hit in Paris, has been withdrawn here after only seven performances. Its failure here seems to be a matter of not living up to certain American conventions. Marcel Achard's little fable, about a man who has always suffered humiliation at the hands of his oldest friend and who suddenly gets a chance to turn the tables, is a good comedy, provided one is living in a society which acknowledges hypocrisy as an inevitable part of living, and which doesn't feel that the seduction of a teen-ager by an older man need do any permanent damage. The French may not condone immorality, but they come to terms with it.

Beyond the social conventions there are also the theatrical ones, and the boulevard audience of Paris never questions the artificiality of the situations invented by its playwrights. In New York, the audience tends to tune out except when Tom Ewell is at his funniest. The rest of the time is flat champagne.

OFF-BROADWAY, Maxwell Anderson's **"The Golden Six"** offers us a sizable gulp of Roman history. The first act is a whodunit, and the second an illustration of the chaos which can follow the assassination of a benevolent dictator. Unfortunately, it is unevenly acted and for most of the evening appears to be little more than a routine dramatization.

The best theatre event of the week I have left to last. In a special New York Chapter of ANTA matinee, at the Theatre De Lys, two short plays received their first New York showing. The first, Giradoux's **"Song of Songs"** turned out to be a fanciful tribute to the combination of sadness and pleasure in an older man turning his young mistress over to a man her own age. To capture the delicacy of the late French playwright is always difficult, and this production was just good enough for us to recognize how much better it might have been.

The second play, Meade Roberts's **"Maidens and Mistresses at Home at the Zoo,"** emerged as the most burning and hypnotic piece of theatre seen in New York this season. Under Sherwood Arthur's direction, Leueen McGrath gave a tremendous performance as Lucy, the lost and beautiful woman whose husband has become paralyzed through a life of debauchery. And as Isabella, a gossipy rich widow, Ruth White manages to be amusingly horrendous.

As the curtain rises we see onstage the permanent members of a strange household. In a wheelchair with his back to us sits the husband. At one side of the room, a handsome young servant named Tonio is playing a haunting lament on a guitar. And in the center the troubled Lucy is drinking brandy. Isabella enters. She is obviously the sort of woman who can commit the most inhuman acts under the guise of some socially acceptable excuse. Gradually and with a penetrating directness, Lucy begins to reveal the truth of the relationships between the husband, the servant, and herself. Tonio, played with a quiet sense of power by Tom Milian, is her slave bought in North Africa. He has been both her lover and her husband's. Lucy, who still loves her husband, is forced to find some means of support for her trio and their no-exit existence. Why do they stay together? Tonio accepts his fate because of his Islamic philosophy of surrender; her husband because he is comfortably taken care of rather than being placed in an institution; and Lucy because she can have the double satisfaction of both punishing her husband and proving her love for him. Isabella, on the other hand, lives without the torment of atonement or the ecstasy of love. She is shocked, but underneath her latent desire is aroused. Her surrender to the inevitable is more furtive than Islamic.

What the playwright seems to say is that the act is less important than the attitude of its doer. The one pure thing in this menage is Lucy's love for her husband. If the methods life has forced upon her are not admirable, her motives and her courage are honorable. Mr. Roberts has suggested these things with poetic insight and ironic touches of humor. And his performers have invested it with great personal truth.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

More Outside Than In

EXCEPT for my first item, this report is of events in the broadcasting world with which I have had no direct contact. I think all of them have some significance.

Last summer a suggestion was made here for a friendly collaboration between commercial and educational TV stations. In addition to several progress reports from the Midwest, I have one enthusiastic note of accomplishment from Seattle. There Station KING devoted an hour to previews of two programs about to start on the educational channel 9. In effect, a commercial station was advising its audience to shift to another station at certain periods of the day for several months to come.

The point for me is that it was easy. To be sure, Station KING has been known for intelligent service to the community. But all the assumed difficulties, the conviction that no commercial station would make such a move, vanished the moment the proposal was made. Perhaps a dozen other desirable things would occur if people asked for them.

• • I do not have much experience of religious broadcasting. I have seen examples ranging from genuine elevation of spirit to what seemed to me tawdry exhibitionism. I recommend to those interested a hard-hitting book by the Reverend Malcolm Boyd: "Christ and Celebrity Gods." Dr. Boyd has seen what professionals in communications often fail to see: "Exposure of the public to the mass-media constitutes a continuous, never-stopping educational process." As a priest he dislikes the characteristic message of the media, "glorifying man's free will in forms of self-aggrandizement rather than the will of God for man"—and on this one may agree or disagree. But the essential understanding, that the mass-media are part of a pluralistic educational system, of which colleges and advertising and political campaigns and churches are also part—that understanding is the starting point for all action looking for a more useful and more desirable public service.

• • In the area of service to a minority, there is probably no more distinguished name than that of KPFA in Berkeley, California. A few years ago, when this distinguished FM station was going off the air for lack of funds, something like a groundswell of enthusiasm swept over the area and it was saved. Its programs in jazz and classical and folk music, in art and literature and contemporary politics, are all noteworthy.

Some time ago the Pacifica Foundation, which runs KPFA, applied for a frequency in the Los Angeles area and Pomona College volunteered to give up its place on the band and accept a less desirable one because the College felt that Pacifica could use it with more advantage to the community. The effect of this generous action was nullified by an application for a conflicting channel by the western branch of a distinguished theological seminary in New York.

Pacifica asserts that this institution is being "used" by commercial broadcasters alarmed by the spread of cultural stations. In the course of the dispute, a commercial broadcaster gave a powerful transmitter to KPFA's rival and the station says it has ample evidence of bad faith or intentional obstruction. The applications are before the FCC and allotment of channels should be made this month.

A special point of interest here is that the FCC was asked to disqualify KPFA because it is not an educational institution. The FCC has, in the past, taken a narrow view of "educational" as applied to programs. "Invitation to Learning," a sustaining program produced solely by CBS, could not be counted as an educational program when the stations carrying it asked for a renewal of license and counted up their good deeds; but "Bird Calls of America," as I remember it, was educational because Cornell was associated with the production. This was true a few years ago. I hope the FCC's vision is clearer now.

(I have omitted the name of KPFA's rival because I do not know what its arguments may be. For several weeks I have been trying to get a statement from them without success.)

• • That FM—non-profit and commercial—is doing well is good news. A few weeks ago plans were announced for a station in Westport—among its backers, Philip, Lawrence, and Armina Langner. In New York the fairly new station WBAI-FM has made itself a principal outlet for BBC programs—including excellent dramatic productions not cut to artificial time limits, for talks, news, and a great deal of symphonic music. (In this connection it has constantly called the attention of its listeners to symphonic music on other New York FM stations.)

The way of such a station is being made easier by the Broadcasting Foundation of America which, with a grant from the Ford Foundation, has established an international exchange of radio programs (eventually to be extended to television). A station in Denver, says a letter from BFA, can broadcast the Salzburg Festival and one in Nashville present the National Opera in Ankara "for the pleasure, enlightenment, and perhaps astonishment of its listeners."

And the stations in Salzburg and Ankara? Let us hope they find among our programs something to enlighten and astonish, too.

—GILBERT SELDES.

International Conversations

BETWEEN September 15 and December 31, about 50 million Americans will have a chance to hear, most of them for the first time in their lives, the Salzburg Festival in their own homes by radio. It ought to delight anyone who tunes in.

These broadcasts, plus many more to come from all over the world, mark the coming into its own of radio, long though prematurely rumored dead, as the dominant instrument in intercultural exchange. Radio, and eventually television, programs from overseas, produced by foreign broadcasters themselves, will become increasingly frequent through the good offices of the Broadcasting Foundation of America, a non-profit organization.

BFA was formed by a small group of professors and broadcasters who concluded that, with 150 million radios in use in the United States and nearly as many in use abroad, broadcasting was the least costly and most far-reaching medium through which to exchange ideas between Americans and the peoples of other nations. Knowing that every people has something to say, or to sing, that is that people's own characteristic production, BFA is sponsoring what it likes to think of as an "international conversation" wherein Americans and other peoples will come to know one another in sharing the universal interests of the creative life. Such a conversation, says BFA, is quite another thing than psychological warfare, show of material strength, or the hard sell.

Although a few of the larger Western European broadcasters such

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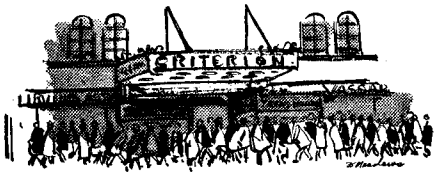
as Radiodiffusion Francaise and the British Broadcasting Corporation have maintained broadcasting representatives in New York to provide to American radio stations programs reflecting their countries' cultural achievements, most of the countries of the world—and certainly all of the smaller nations—have been unable to assume such a task. Similarly, it is impossible for the average American broadcasting station to arrange a broad coverage of information and creative art beyond our borders. There is hardly a station that can afford representatives in thirty or forty countries abroad or an international representative in New York, that has the personnel or the budget for the mammoth job of conducting relations overseas, procuring programs, and making transcriptions of programs originating throughout the world.

It became obvious to the men who formed BFA that a single agency through which both U.S. stations and overseas stations could deal was necessary. With grants from the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, and other sources, they made BFA a clearing house for both ends of the exchange. As a result, it is now becoming relatively simple for a station in Seattle to broadcast the Salzburg festival, a station in Cleveland to give its listeners a discussion of the latest artistic events in New Delhi, or a station in Nashville to present a performance from the National Opera in Ankara for the pleasure, enlightenment, and astonishment of its listeners.

We have recently witnessed the good feelings which the visit of a group of Russian dancers can bring to us, the friendship which a young, red-haired Texas pianist can engender for us in other lands. We have read about the cheering Venezuelan crowd, soon after a hostile one, which Leonard Bernstein drew, and about the impact the great Lady from Philadelphia made in Asia. These events were necessarily limited in space and time and audience; what if more of this kind of human, personal exchange were made available to a worldwide radio audience? BFA believes that through such an exchange, far from the level of government, the universal language of cultural achievement can jump the barriers which divide diplomat from diplomat and people from people, that it would have the power to move the heart and the spirit of humankind. —CHLOE FOX.



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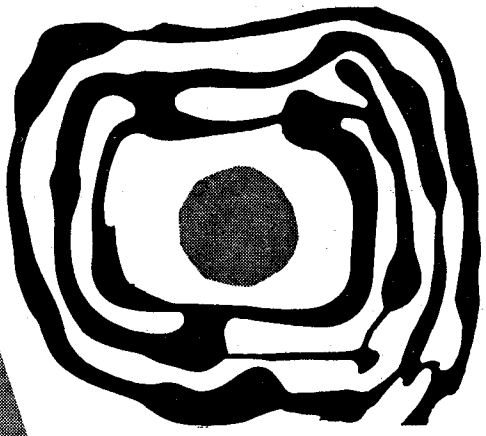

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Faith

Continued from page 23

author. He has introduced new elements into it, particularly in so far as he relates the artifacts and attainments of archaeology to the people who have excavated or translated or interpreted them. It is a book which will grace the libraries of laymen as well as of scholars. Acquaintance with its contents will greatly assist all those who have an interest in the Bible and Biblical archaeology and in their ancient Near Eastern backgrounds.

The countries and cultures dealt with or reflected in the pages of the Bible are examined and evaluated in this book. It considers also the labors of love of many of much merit, who, especially during the last century, have helped extend the boundaries of knowledge of the Biblical past. All this has been done frequently before, and particularly in recent years as the fascination of Biblical origins has increasingly cast its spell upon widening circles of an ever better informed public. Few, however, have done it with more skill and completeness than Pritchard. He has pointed out remarkably succinctly the reliability of historical writing as contained in the Bible, as well as its relation to archaeological discoveries made during the last hundred years, some of them, as in Biblical Gibeon, most recently by himself.

Texts and photographs of significant archaeological discoveries in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Israel, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, and Anatolia have been selected by Pritchard to help the intelligent reader appreciate more fully the ancient Near Eastern civilizations which are mirrored in the Bible, but whose philosophies and religions were so far removed from the Biblical concepts. The method employed by Pritchard is to let the evidence speak for itself by presenting photographs of meaningful archaeological objects or translations of relevant texts, or both, accompanied wherever necessary by illuminating explanations of his own.

In addition, in the main body of his exposition, the author assesses in agreeably unvarnished and nontechnical language the increasing knowledge of the Biblical past which has resulted from archaeological discoveries during the last century. He so successfully avoids the frequently confusing jargon of professional scholarship and the often bewildering convolutions of methodical research, without sacrifice of scientific correctness, that the reader feels he has obtained enlightenment without exhausting himself in the process.

The titles of the chapters and subdivisions of this fascinating book reveal the riches awaiting those who burrow in its pages. Some of them are: "The Canaanite Bible from Ugarit"; "Gilgamesh, Most Splendid Among Heroes"; "Hammurabi, the King of Justice"; "Five Codes of Cuneiform Law"; "All the Wisdom of Egypt"; "Babylon's Wise Men"; "Conflict and Creation"; "Scrolls from Caves Overlooking the Dead Sea."

The section called "Sex, Fertility, and Religion" in the chapter on "Baal and the Religion of Canaan," will not titillate those seeking the sensational. It helps bring into relief, however, the full-bodied and hot-blooded paganism of the ancient Near Eastern past, in which the gods were given an edge over humans mainly in the enjoyment of the profane. On the other hand, it underlines implicitly, as indeed does Pritchard's entire book, the profound differences between the religion of the Bible and the religions of Canaan and the countries round about it, despite the fact that they all emanated from the same or closely related backgrounds.

"Archaeology and the Old Testament" can unreservedly be recommended. It is a book eminently worth owning.

A companion volume to Pritchard's "Archaeology and the old Testament" is the same author's "The Ancient Near East: An Anthology of Texts and Pictures." Its purpose is to make available in convenient form many of the most important ancient documents which contribute to our understanding of the literatures of Biblical peoples. Their relevance to the Bible determined the selection of texts and pictures.

The aim of this book, which is drawn from Pritchard's earlier, more detailed, and bulkier "Ancient Near Eastern Texts Relating to the Old Testament," has been handsomely achieved. The names of the eleven scholars, ranging from William F. Albright to John A. Wilson, who translated and annotated the texts, guaranteed in advance their excellence and readability.

The seventy beautifully printed pages of photographs and drawings form in themselves a fascinating pocket museum of a past whose overtones and influences are revealed on every page of the Sacred Scriptures. Passage after passage in them becomes clearer when compared to these illustrations and the translations which precede them. The next best thing to going on a fascinating archaeological expedition or, rather, on a couple of dozen of them, is to dig into this anthology of texts and pictures in "The Ancient Near East."

—From "The Ancient Near East."

"A fascinating pocket museum of the past—the next best thing to going on an archaeological expedition."

China in Cana

"The Bible Was My Treasure Map," by Paul Ilton *(Messner. 255 pp. $5), is a diary-like account of spading in the Holy Land. The book's appeal is discussed by Albert N. Williams, executive director of Associated Colleges of Illinois, who wrote "What Archeology Tells Us About the Bible."*

By Albert N. Williams

THIS is a rare and delightful book which will appeal as much to the average citizen who relishes odd adventures as to the proper archaeologist and scholar.

Unlike the works of Ceram and others who have in recent years most admirably popularized the arcane science of Biblical archaeology, Dr. Ilton's book is more of a personal diary, detailing unconnected solo forays into the field, often with unexpected success.

Following the great tradition of gentlemen archaeologists, he, like Schliemann and Pitt-Rivers, tended largely to substitute intuition and introspection for ponderous methodology. Himself a journalist and correspondent for various European newspapers, he most generally followed two rules of thumb in planning his expeditions. The first was that the Biblical accounts of far-off events were more to be trusted than not, despite the condescension with which much of modern scholarship tends to look upon these reports. The second was that a lot of native folklore had roots in Biblical times and, until dis-

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proved, could often be used as an additional frame of reference.

While the fame of the collection which Dr. Ilton left at his death early in 1958 clings predominantly to such esoteric objects as a sculptured head of Salome, now on permanent display in the Rockefeller Museum in Jerusalem, and a signet ring bearing the likeness of the exiled Roman Empress Julia Domna, it is not the stories of these discoveries that are most likely to excite the reader.

RATHER, the greater interest will be stimulated by such accounts as that of a small, uncomplicated excavation in the spot where his intuition and where local lore suggested that the house may have stood where the celebrated marriage might have taken place in Cana. After a series of negotiations with the owner of the property, he began his search down through the debris under the smooth courtyard. After several days of tedious digging he found several baskets full of the remains of an ancient pavement, and then, after enlarging his ditch at this level, foundation stones from an ancient house with Roman markings which clearly identified them as dating from the time of Christ. Following along the line of this foundation, he came at last to a blocked-up doorway into what turned out to have been a small storeroom. Clearing away inside the storeroom, he came upon a sealed clay chest of the sort that well-to-do householders of the period used to protect valuable belongings.

When the top of this chest was painstakingly removed there were found in it only three objects, carefully preserved and in flawless condition—two glass drinking cups and a glass dish, undeniably dating from the first Christian century.

Dr. Ilton seeks to answer no questions in this matter. He raises only an additional question: what event might have taken place in this house in Cana at the time of Christ that was of such moment that two wine cups and a dish should be so carefully stored away against the profanation of further use?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Cecily Fairfield, Rebecca West. 2. Edmund Spenser, Colin Clout. 3. George William Russell, Æ (Æon). 4. Aurore Dupin, George Sand (Jules Sandeau). 5. Marie Louise de la Ramée, Ouida. 6. François Rabelais, Alcofribas Nasier. 7. James Thomson, Bysshe Vanolis. 8. Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. 9. Charles Dickens, Boz. 10. Robert Burton.

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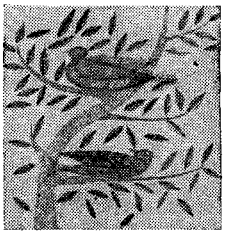

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IT'S A DIRTY WORD

MR. Brooks Atkinson of *The New York Times*, in his review of "The Pleasure of His Company," started out by saying that it was "a delightful comedy," which, indeed, seems to be the consensus. This was a great tribute to the play, because Mr. Atkinson, by his own confession, was already tired before the curtain rose. What gave Mr. Atkinson this feeling of weariness was one quick look at the program. I quote from the review: "Those concerned are Samuel Taylor, who wrote the play 'with Cornelia Otis Skinner,' as the program says with tiresome exactitude."

Now it seems proper to ask at this point just what it was about this billing that made Mr. Atkinson tired. Obviously he could not object to the names of the authors—it is an old custom of the theatre to put the authors' names on the program, and Mr. Atkinson must be used to it by now.

All that is left that could have wearied Mr. Atkinson is the word "with." I have had this word assayed by the United States Bureau of Tiresomeness, and they report that it requires just one-hundredth of a second to read it.

So was this really what made Mr. Atkinson tired? As a matter of fact he cannot be so opposed to the word "with," because he used it himself a second later in the phrase "with tiresome exactitude."

No, I think we have to look further. At the top of the program is the familiar phrase, "a new play." There, I think, we have the answer. It's "a". "A" is a dreary word, and is used so much that we are *all* tired of it. The psychiatrists' offices, I find, are filled with people whose basic trouble is the word "a" . . . "a" pain, "a" bill, "a" critic.

Meanwhile, pending a fuller inquiry, we can all be happy that Mr. Taylor did not write the play "*without* Cornelia Otis Skinner." They would have had to carry poor Mr. Atkinson out.—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

• • •

CHICAGO: CIRCA 1920

AMONG the foolish things I sometimes hear said today is that I helped invent with Charlie MacArthur in "The Front Page" a type of newspaperman who never existed on land, sea or at a 4-11 fire. This is a truly sad as well as foolish disbelief. It shows how square the world has grown. As well not believe that there were once eight inch cannon crackers to shoot off on the Fourth of July.

Yes, we all existed once as MacArthur and I put it down. We were a newspaper tribe of assorted drunkards, poets, burglars, philosophers and boastful ragamuffins. We were supermen with soiled collars and holes in our pants; stony broke and sneering at our betters in limousines and unmortgaged houses; cynical of all things on earth including the tyrannical journal that underpaid and overworked us and for which, after a round of cursing, we were ready to die. We were unable to imagine any other vocation as worthy of manhood. We despised the advertising department for using up the paper's valuable space and cutting down on our Dostoievsky reports of killings and hangings. We had contempt for a growing group of high-falutin fellows who called themselves foreign correspondents and who also used up valuable space in the paper with gabble about foreign affairs.

We never talked to actors, and met up with industrialists and millionaires usually in their jail cells. And we looked on ex-newspapermen in their fancy overcoats as exiles with secretly broken hearts.

When we were done with stealing photographs, climbing into mansions through bathroom windows, impersonating bill collectors and gas inspectors in our quest for statements from abandoned wives or dentist-slaying paramours, when we had shaken the ashes of lumberyard and stockyard fires out of our hair, earned our bottle of rye from our favorite barrister by informing the public that his final pleas had reduced the jury to tears, when the 14 hour work day was done—we looked for play. We assembled in a half dozen saloons to brag and cadge drinks and fight with each other. We were the least angry of young men on earth, but we found endless glee in destroying the world.

On the whole, we were a somewhat pathetic crew of paupers and ignoramuses, but with an arrogant wind in our sails. We were red-eyed with lack of sleep. But in the first ten years

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of penal servitude under the city desk, there wasn't one of us who wouldn't have refused an authentic pass to heaven.

—Ben Hecht.

• • •

THE PLAY DOCTOR

IT was a thoughtful quartet gathered in the coffee house across from London's Globe Theatre. Will Shakespeare stared gloomily into his empty cup. The actor who played Hamlet sat alert as a spaniel. Sir Francis Bacon riffled a manuscript.

"Well," said Producer Philip Henslowe, "we know how the out-of-town tryout went—"

"Laide an egge, according to the 'Bath Bugle'," said Hamlet.

Shakespeare glared at him.

"Tut, tut; no recriminations," said Henslowe. "Our job now is to salvage this turkey for the London opening. Carry on, Bake."

Bacon stirred. "I hope Will here takes my suggestions kindly."

"Why not? I'm only the author," Shakespeare muttered.

Bacon ignored the barb. "There's this line," he went on, "where Hamlet says, 'O, hell, what do I do now?' Strikes me it would have more sock if he said, 'To be or not to be: that is the question—' "

"To be or not to be *what*?" Shakespeare demanded.

"Who cares what? Bake's way reads more natural," put in Hamlet.

Shakespeare sneered. "Always nice to have the professional literary opinion of a former street jongleur."

"Gentlemen, please!" said Henslowe. "I've hired Bake to doctor this show and, by gad, it'll get doctored!"

"Thanks, Phil," said Bacon. "Now in Act V, Scene 1—that's the graveyard bit—I thought we could throw in a little business with a skull. We'll call it Yorick."

Shakespeare purpled. "A skull named Yorick! I feel sick."

"Hamlet can talk to it about 'I-knew-him-when,' et cetera," Bacon continued. "That way we lift the show with a new character without actually hiring another thespian. And then there's the title. It has no box office appeal. Let's change it from 'The Dane's Revenge' to just plain 'Hamlet'."

"That ties it!" stormed Shakespeare. "One day people will say I didn't even write this play!"

Bacon smiled thinly. "Really, Will, why worry about posterity?"

"Sure," said Henslowe. "Let's get the show on the road now."

—W. F. Miksch.

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11-15

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Justice Gallery

Continued from page 11

his contemporaneously futile protests against what he saw as the dunderheadedness of most of his brethren were so cogent and so eloquent that they lived to become the law of the land soon after he died. A skeptic in the truest sense, who had no illusions about the fallibility of Justices, including himself, nor about the personal nature of the political power they wielded, he blended the hearty realism of Marshall with the humanity of Johnson, Miller, and Harlan to become the keeper of the Court's conscience for the years to come. In a way, it was his good fortune to serve in an era when the Court was at its most arrogant and most anti-democratic in the reckless use of its power; for this gave him a platform from which to thunder his disapproval of the notion that the Constitution gave the Justices "*carte blanche* to embody our economic or moral beliefs in its prohibitions." Yet, a bit illogically—and Holmes scorned conventional legal logic—he did not hesitate to talk up for his own moral beliefs, especially when civil liberties were under threat. And of his hundreds of singing sentences, perhaps the finest and most famous is the one, spoken of course in dissent, that begins: "But when men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas . . ."

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES of New York (1910-1916 and 1930-1941). The only twentieth-century Justice — present company excepted—who achieved almost universal respect and popular renown in majority rather than in dissent was Charles Evans Hughes. Generally classified as a conservative because of his non-judicial politics, especially his barely-losing race for the Presidency against Woodrow Wilson in 1916, Hughes was in fact one of the most effective if moderate liberal Justices the Court has known. His short first term on the Court was marked by an ebb in the tide of Holmes's dissents because Hughes so often teamed with Holmes to convince their colleagues of the soundness of their shared views. Returned to the Court as Chief, he steered it shrewdly and capably through the crisis of Franklin Roosevelt's "Court-packing plan," after most of the first New Deal had been branded unconstitutional. It was doubtless he (despite polite denials) who persuaded swingman Roberts to make the "switch in time that saved nine." And it was he who spoke for the Court in the two key decisions—one letting the states enact progressive social laws, the other letting the Federal government regulate national industry in the national interest—which killed FDR's Court plan, reversed the Court's let-business-do-as-it-please philosophy of the preceding half-century, and brought constitutional law in tune with the times. Dignified in manner, efficient as an executive, a master of detail, and always a supreme realist, Hughes is said to have somewhat regretted his most quoted statement—made, not from the bench, but in a speech between his two terms of judicial service: "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is."

LOUIS DEMBITZ BRANDEIS of Massachusetts (1916-1939). The man who, more than any other, turned the Court's official attention a little away from the orthodox legalism of old rules and logic and toward the economic and social facts of modern life—first as a lawyer in the briefs that made his name an adjectival byword, later as a Justice—was Holmes's longtime partner in dissent, Louis Brandeis. Regularly reaching the same results as Holmes by an entirely different route, Brandeis was the passionate crusader to tolerant philosopher Holmes. Where Holmes would leave Congress or a state legislature alone to do as it saw fit, Brandeis would set out to prove in detail that it was right to do what it had done. What it had done was usually to regulate business or tax wealth; and Brandeis—whose expertly informed mistrust of financial shenanigans plus his Rooseveltian (Theodore) belief in trust-busting led him to write books entitled "Other People's Money" and "The Curse of Bigness"—heartily approved of both. Yet his high moral sense was not confined to money matters; he had an almost religious faith in the power of men's minds to better man's lot.

HUGO LAFAYETTE BLACK of Alabama (1937-). No Justice ever climbed so fast and so effectively from contumely and suspicion to esteem and respect as did the intellectual leader of the Roosevelt Court and dean of today's Court, Hugo Black. Within a year after the wisdom of his appointment was being questioned throughout the nation because of his youthful error in joining the Ku Klux Klan, he had won praise, even from those who disliked his militantly liberal slant, for his deep but unpetty scholarship, his clear intolerance of intolerance, and the creative sweep of his inquiring mind. Following Holmes in his belief that the Court should defend personal liberties, not property rights, against the acts of law-makers (or law-enforcers), yet forging farther in this direction than Holmes ever did—as in a profound and brilliant one-man dissent, harking back to Justice Miller, that would have denied corporations their old verbal refuge from regulation, as "persons" under the Fourteenth Amendment—Black found himself speaking, now for the Court, now in protest against it, depending on the number of New Deal colleagues he could convince to be as unfettered by conformity to the legal past as he. Of the galaxy of stars with their separate orbits whom FDR named Justices, Black shone the brightest. He shines as bright today despite an eclipse of influence, not of brilliance, during the sorry years of the Truman-Vinson Court. Now once again the Court's intellectual leader, the man with the gentle manner and the tempered-steel mind is largely responsible for the recent spate of controversial decisions which he half-foresaw, back in 1951, when he hoped that "in calmer times, when present pressures, passions, and fears subside, this or some later Court will restore the First Amendment liberties to the high preferred place where they belong in a free society." For Black is still the "evangelical progressive" who said, as a fledgling Justice: "Under our constitutional system, courts stand against any winds that blow as havens of refuge for those who might otherwise suffer because

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FURTHER READING: *A few suggestions for those interested in closer looks at the Supreme Court have been made by* SR's *editors:*

THE SUPREME COURT IN U. S. HISTORY. *By Charles Warren. Out of print.* The standard major work, now more than thirty years old.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MARSHALL. *By Albert Beveridge. Houghton.* $17.50; **MR. JUSTICE MILLER AND THE SUPREME COURT, 1862-1890.** *By Charles Fairman. Harvard.* $4.50. First-rate biographies of two early Court titans.

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE. *By William O. Douglas. Doubleday.* $4. The libertarian philosophy of a sitting Justice.

NINE MEN. *By Fred Rodell. Random House.* $5. A "political history of the Supreme Court" that stresses the personalities of past and present justices.

THE MARBLE PALACE. *By John P. Frank. Knopf.* $5. An entertaining and informative study of Court operations as seen from the inside.

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they are helpless, weak, outnumbered . . ."

WILLIAM ORVILLE DOUGLAS of Connecticut (and the Pacific Northwest) (1939-). Named to the Court at forty as the youngest Justice in over a century (and hence the likely breaker of the long-distance record, if he lives to seventy-five), William O. Douglas was greeted to the high bench by Brandeis, more than twice his age, whom he was succeeding, with a warm "I wanted you to be here in my place." For Douglas had displayed during his brief and brilliant service on the SEC the same sort of skill and courage at searching out and rooting out financial skulduggery, no matter how well concealed or entrenched, that Brandeis had brought to—and used on—the Court before. Acknowledged for twenty years now as the Court's top business expert, even by those who have rated him too tough on business, Douglas once summarized in stinging dissent the Brandeisian backbone of his belief: "Power that controls the economy should be in the hands of elected representatives of the people, not in the hands of an industrial oligarchy." Brandeis-like too in his capacity for work and his drive to get work done, Douglas used to turn out as many as thirty majority opinions per year for the Court while also writing more than his share of dissents. In the face of "loyalty" laws and programs and oaths, Douglas switched his prime concern from law-and-finance to law-and-liberty and made himself, in books and speeches as well as in Court opinions, the nation's chief high-office-holding spokesman for the Bill of Rights. On the Court—until the appointments of Warren and Brennan began to turn the tide—the phrase "Black and Douglas dissenting" became as common and meant the same thing as "Holmes and Brandeis dissenting" years before. Indeed, Holmes and Brandeis are blended in the Douglas credo: "We need be bold and adventuresome in our thinking. The framers knew . . . the strength that comes when the mind is free . . ."

THE LATE JUDGE Jerome Frank used to tell his senior law students at Yale that many of them could probably write appellate court opinions in most types of cases as adequately as could the average appellate judge. These students had learned the language of law; they knew how to use a law library, how to pick and choose among precedents, how to fit facts to rules; not much more is needed to handle run-of-the-mill appellate cases on run-of-the-mill legal subjects. That is one reason why the Eisenhower insistence (since Warren) on prior judicial experience as a prerequisite to a Justiceship is a misguided and somewhat Court-degrading idea. The fact is that very few top Justices in U.S. history—on any man's list—had ever sat on a bench before; of the nine here named only one, Holmes, had done any prior judging of any kind—beyond Black's brief early service on a local police court. What a first-rate Justice needs, above all, is not the too-often-narrowing intimate knowledge of niceties of legal doctrine so much as a toughminded talent for government. For the Supreme Court, in its significant work, is far more than a super-appellate court settling doctrinal differences between lower courts; it is a political body, making—from *Marbury v. Madison* through Dred Scott to desegregation—essentially political decisions.

Indeed, some cavilling at the all-time Court here chosen will doubtless stem, at bottom, from a political problem that has split the real Court now for two decades. The current crux of this problem is whether it is the Court's proper business steadfastly to uphold the Bill of Rights in the face of legislative (and other) infringements. The cavilling will emanate mainly from an academically oriented group who believe, roughly, that that Court is best which governs least (at any rate, since Marshall's day) and that Justice best who self-denies most (except for a few, long dead)—even though civil liberties may thus be deprived of judicial defense and protection. Most distinguished living exponent of this view is Judge Learned Hand who has opined, at length and often, that the judiciary ought no more thwart the legislative will, however distasteful, in this area than in the field of economic regulation. Indicative of the intensity of the whole dispute is Justice Douglas's recent comment that the Hand view "has done more to undermine liberty in this country than any other single force."

Needless to say, the sympathy here is not with Hand; the ideal Supreme Court here selected reflects admiration for wisely wielded judicial activism, from Marshall—the greatest activist of them all—to Black and Douglas today. These men have been the movers and shakers of the law. And though profound legal scholarship may of course be a tremendous asset to a Justice—witness Holmes and Black among others—it can also become a deadening force when it is transmuted into a sort of withdrawal from life to the library. That is why the one major quality that can be said to mark all the Justices here chosen is not lawmanship but statesmenship.

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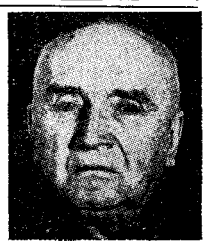

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Bistros, Bubbles, and Battles

Champagne grape-pickers—A September harvest and a stew of chicken, ham, and who-knows-what-all.

DON'T ask me why I had never been there before—perhaps it was because no one had ever invited me—but the last time I saw Paris was the first time I saw Maxim's. It looks, for those in the class as procrastinating and as penurious as I, quite like it did in "Gigi," although the red plush banquettes would have suffered not at all had they been decorated, as they were in the film, with the personage of Eva Gabor. Albert, the venerable maître d'hotel, made an appearance, evoking from the historian of our party the oft-quoted tale of how Albert, imprisoned during the occupation, refused to leave jail upon liberation until his favorite customers had gone before him. And soon there was an entrance by *le patron*, M. Louis Vaudable, flashing the French cuffs and the choppers, who, in honor of his frozen food contract with Pan American World Airways, is now addressed by Joseph Wechsberg as M. Congelé. Onassis, swarthy and sharp occupied a corner table, and I wonder if the Maxim's waiter addressed him as he did some friends at an adjoining table with, "What will you have to begin, the shrimp cocktail or the soup?"

Patronizing the American traveler, one of the most accomplished of indoor sports around the world, reaches a certain degree of perfection in France. I had only to wait until the next mealtime when, herded like a steer on the way to Cudahy's mincemeat parlor, I was shepherded into the frantic armory on the Champs Elysée known as the Lido and invited to watch the show, drink the wine, and eat the dinner. Although the wine, which came in a champagne-shaped bottle, gave nothing to a magnum of Seven-Up, the show was long and lively and as usual glittering with flamboyant costumes, albeit failing to cover anatomical areas normally left to the imagination. As for the dinner, it was surprisingly good for such an immense gymnasium, notwithstanding the waiter who, upon being asked to return three blue steaks for a little more fire, obliged with the remark, "But that is how meat is meant to be eaten."

Without reservation I would, on the other hand, pass along to you Les Petits Pavés, a small and engaging new restaurant around the corner from the Brasserie Lipp in the St. Germain des Prés. Open only four months, it has for ephemeral reasons beyond the good food and service, caught on with the *haut monde* and is said, among the most chic, to be the most chic place in town for dinner. I wouldn't like to have it get around, but the best I could do was get there for lunch which, if not elegant, was completely *agréable*, the cuisine excellent, and the price not nearly so bad as the customary Parisian bloodletting.

On a totally dismal autumn morning I rode out of Paris for the champagne country and, arriving there some two and a half hours later, was deposited at the Château de la Marquetterie de Pierry, handed a glass of the bubbly, and bid welcome. Ladies and gents dressed up as grapepickers and vintners then served a luncheon largely constructed around *la potée des vendangeurs*, a stew of chicken, ham, and who-knows-what-all, allegedly the favorite dish of the grapepickers.

Thereafter, we were run up and down the stairs of a number of wine cellars, during which I ingested an uncountable number of samples and the following information: that wine was known in Champagne in ancient times, and when the Romans came the Marne slopes were covered with the grape. As a matter of fact, competition was so stiff with Italian wines that Domitian in 92 A.D. had all the vines of Champagne ripped out. The arch of Porte Mars is supposed to have been erected by the Gauls in honor of Probus, who two centuries later, allowed the vines once more to be grown.

The caves that honeycomb Champagne were the result of Roman quarrying for chalk, which lies just under the top soil. Champagne was not discovered until 200 years ago, the era of one Dom Perignon, a Benedictine monk, whose experiments with what put the bubbles in a glass of bubbly first led to the invention of champagne. The way the procedure goes, the grapes are picked in September and the juice is first fermented in casks. Later it is poured off into bottles which are shaped that way to offer the greatest strength against explosions. Because of the northern cool climates of the Champagne districts not all the sugar is consumed in the fall fermentation in the casks. A second fermentation takes place in spring while the champagne is in the bottle. That's where the bubbles come in. Champagne bottles are designed to provide the greatest strength against the carbonic gases that form and make the bubbles.

NOW the bottles are placed in the *crayères*, the Roman quarries, neck down and are twisted every day to send the sediment down towards the cork. A good twister can twist 30,000 bottles a day. When the sediment has finally settled against the cork, the

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cork is blown out, carrying the sediment with it. A little old champagne and sugar, according to the taste of the buyer, is then added, and it is this fillip that makes a champagne half-dry, dry, extra dry, or *brut*.

CHAMPAGNE type champagne is made in New York State, in Spain, in Russia, and in California, but French champagne can only be made in the region of Champagne which begins about ninety miles east of Paris at Rheims, then runs south to the banks of the Marne, across to Epernay and beyond along a strip known as the Côtes des Blancs. The chalky earth, the light reflected by the chalk, the cool, damp climate, and the cool Roman cellars all combine to impart to champagne a taste that is not exactly reproducible in Canajoharie or Castille. This year's grape leaves a lot to be desired and for the first time vintners had to pay 300 francs a kilo (2.2 pounds) for the harvest, the highest price ever. Champagne is going up 100 francs (less than a quarter) a bottle. A good champagne that costs about $3 at a store in France will cost about $8 in New York.

Long before Champagne was made famous all over the world by the invention of champagne, the city of Rheims was an important Roman center of some 150,000 citizens, and later the coronation city of France. Almost all the kings of France were crowned in its magnificent Gothic cathedral, the third to occupy the site. The foundation stones were first laid in 1211 and after a succession of fires the cathedral in its present form was finally finished in 1515. Bombed for four years during the first world war, it was hit by some 4,000 shells during bombardments that also burned out 16,000 homes in Rheims.

Restoration work on the cathedral began in earnest in 1922, largely aided by the support of the Rockefellers, for whom a Rheims street is now named. However, it wasn't until 1937 that the church was consecrated and handed back to the city. In 1938 a great celebration welcomed the return of the historic cathedral where long years back in French history, Joan of Arc had brought Charles X to have him crowned "true king of France." The next year the second world war started, and this time the stained glass, worked on for over seven centuries by the Simon family of Rheims, was removed and hidden. It is back now, some of it original, some of it replaced, and some just plain glass waiting for the Simons to catch up with their back orders.

This time the war was not as harsh on the old stones of Rheims, and it eventually brought to town Ike's own

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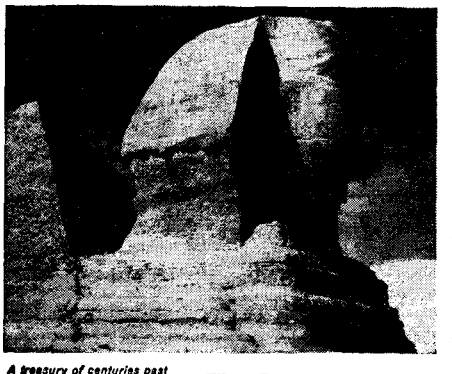

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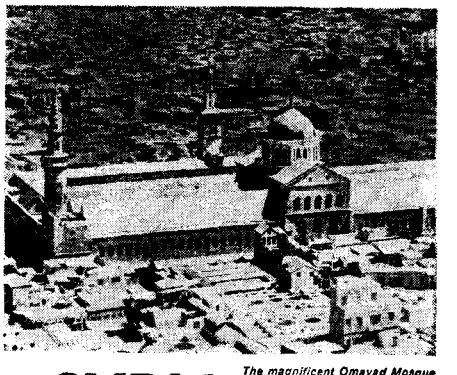

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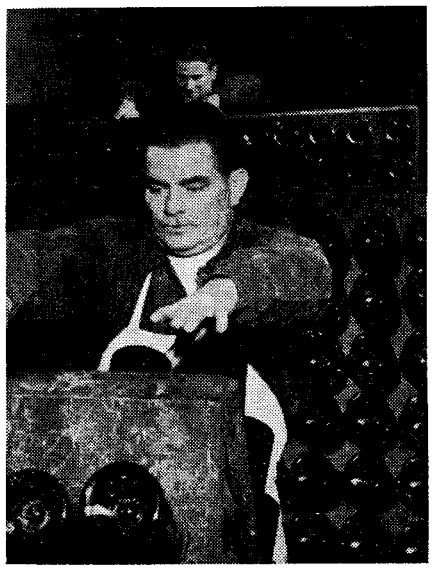
headquarters in the famed Little Old Red Schoolhouse. The little schoolhouse is indeed a huge institution called the Collège Moderne et Technique, and Ike's war room on the second floor has been preserved with its maps and charts exactly as it was the day the Germans came to sign the surrender document, May 7, 1945. Still pinned to the wall is the order of the day announcing the German surrender, still flashing its red "Top Secret" classification. As of that day, there were 83,288 U.S. killed, 365,982 wounded and 58,143 missing. A swastika-shaped thermometer listing German prisoners already taken had the figure at 4,035,051.

ON the maps are marked the pipelines for gasoline, the railroads, the locomotives, and railway cars available, the tonnage carried, the boat tonnage landed, the British and American airfields, and the deployment across the face of Europe of the combined Allied armies. The only furniture in the room is a large oak table and the chairs in which the officers sat—Bedell Smith for the Americans; Sulaparoff, head of the Russian mission in France; Carl Spaatz of the U.S. Air Force; Robb of the RAF; Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, chief of staff of the Allied naval forces; and General Sevez representing de Gaulle.

Facing them were General Jodl, Commander-in-Chief of the German forces, his aide, Major Oxenius, and Admiral van Friedeberg, head of the Admiralty. The Allies chose to sit with their backs to the wall and let the Germans face it, giving them a full view of the tremendous power that the Allies had amassed on both sides of the thousand-year Reich.

—HORACE SUTTON.



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Low Bridge to Albany

THE deck of a Caribbean cruise ship sailing up the Hudson River to Albany seemed, at 6 o'clock on a recent Sunday morning, a rather unusual way to patrol our normal dachshund beat on Riverside Drive. We stood on the highest deck of the *Santa Paula*, the Grace Line's newest addition to its fleet, and as the pink-grey towers of Manhattan slid out of sight and the world's largest floating swimming pool tossed back the reflection of a brilliant early sun, a new version of Robert Fulton's steamboating days came to mind.

The 112-mile trip was the inaugural cruise for the 15,000-ton liner, and a salute to the capital of New York State, in which the line has operated for nearly a century. What's more, it was the first ocean-going vessel of its size to navigate the Hudson, and as the autumn tinged hillsides began to close in on us, we thought it would be a good idea to go up on the bridge to see how the voyage was being managed.

Besides the skipper, Captain Theodore Thomson, we found Captain Leroy Coon, a river pilot who has been in the business for forty-eight years, both looking considerably more confident than we. The amount of water the ship would draw and the clearance of the superstructure under the eight bridges we would pass had all been calculated in advance, Captain Thomson told us. The performance of the *Paula* in these respects had been determined right down to the last inch from her sister ship, the *Santa Rosa*, which had been launched last spring and was making her regular cruises to the Caribbean. We examined the fathometer and then the fluorescent outline of the coast in the radar screen, but Captain Coon was relying on the landmarks and his eyes never left the shore. Captain Coon has brought tankers of as much as 18,000 tons up the Hudson, but the *Santa Paula*, he said, was the largest in overall size that he had ever handled. We ducked as the ship passed under the Tappan Zee Bridge. The mast of the ship, which is 120 feet above the water, was just fourteen feet short of the bridge, but to an unpracticed eye it seemed as though there wasn't an inch to spare. At "the ditch," a narrow channel between Kingston and Albany, the speed was cut to dead slow and Captain Coon said that at one point in this dangerous stretch of river there were exactly six inches of water between the keel of the ship and the rock floor below.

We thought that was about the time

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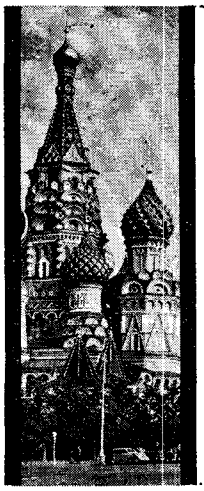

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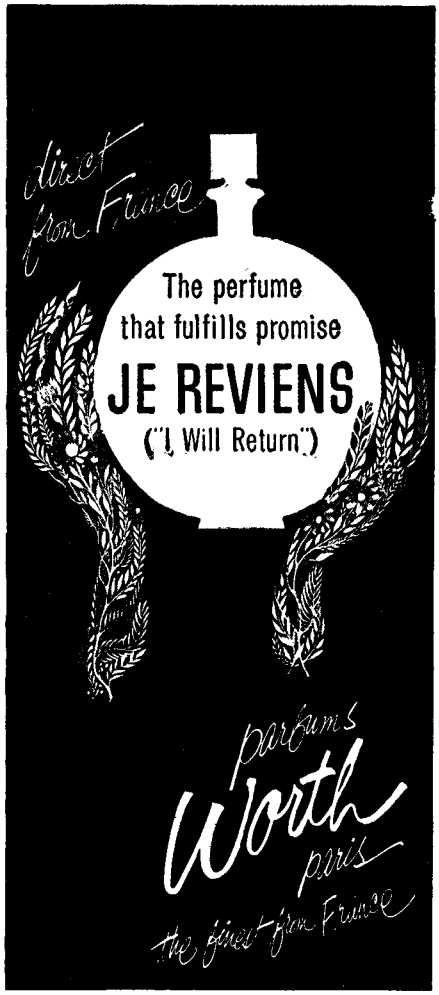
to leave Captain Coon to tend to his job, and went to have a look around the liner which cost the Grace Line some $25 million. The *Santa Paula* can carry 300 passengers, all in first class, and boasts of having more square feet per passenger than any other ship afloat. That includes the nicely designed staterooms, all of them outside and each with private bath, and several recreation areas, in addition to the world's largest outdoor swimming pool that we mentioned before. We were impressed with the Inca and pre-Inca art objects in wall cases and with the motif of the ship, which is largely South American Indian.

The passengers who will make the regular twelve-day cruises to Curaçao, La Guaira, Aruba, Kingston, Nassau, and Port Everglades will undoubtedly appreciate the *Santa Paula*'s stabilizers when the going gets rough. The stabilizers are fourteen-foot underwater fins which move out from each side of the ship into the ocean at the press of a button, and by electronically sensing the nature of the water's movement and applying pressure to it, cut down the ship's roll. They are supposed to reduce the roll as much as 90 per cent in heavy weather. Nobody's thought of what to do about the pitch of a ship yet, but as we slid slowly past Coxsackie, Coeymans, and Wappingers Falls, we didn't give it a thought.

—JEANETTE WAKIN.

POET'S PEREGRINATIONS: In the age of the jet, perhaps the most appropriate way for a traveling poet to indulge in perversity is to go by Vespa. Harry Roskolenko, who undertook his two-wheeled journey nearly around the world and then wrote about it in **"Poet on a Scooter"** (Dial, $5), started out to escape the woes of a tangled life at home. His purpose, he explains, was not so much to see the world as to find his own place in it, and gradually, as he learned of the desolation of vast unpeopled areas and shared hardships with others, his journey became one of discovery. It led 37,000 miles from Paris, 21,000 of them on a scooter. In fifteen months he traveled through the most remote parts of Turkey, Iran, Pakistan and India, through southern Australia, the South Pacific and eventually east to New York. He visited Mt. Ararat and celebrated with Kurds and Australian aborigines. Poona and Perth, Kolhapur and Qum, were the names on his map. Mr. Roskolenko was always enthusiastic about the people he met and some of them afford occasion for a little self-conscious dissipation. As a reporter, he is personal, highly selective, and entertaining. —J. W.



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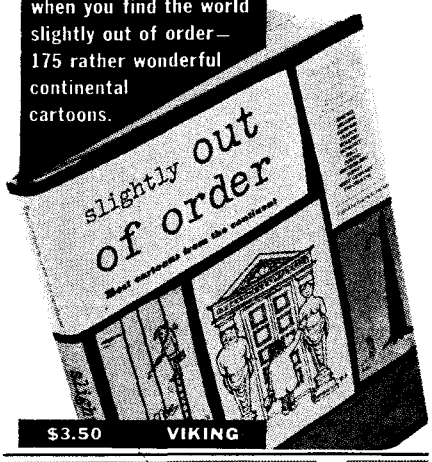

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"ISRAEL, AN ADVENTURE" (28 min., color), a refreshing view of this young nation's age-old attractions to world travelers, including full and fascinating sequences on the Inbal dancers and a sort of do-it-yourself archeology. Produced by Nathan Kroll for the Israel Government Tourist Agency; photographed and directed by Alexander Hammid, and narrated by Christopher Plummer. Available free to Adult groups from Tribune Films, 141 East 44th St., New York.

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FOUR KNIGHT'S GAME

New York, 1857

	Louis Paulsen White		Paul Morphy Black
1	P-K4	P-K4	
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	
3	N-B3	N-B3	
4	B-N5	B-B4	
5	0-0	0-0	
6	NxP	.....	

Leads to complications beyond White's depth.

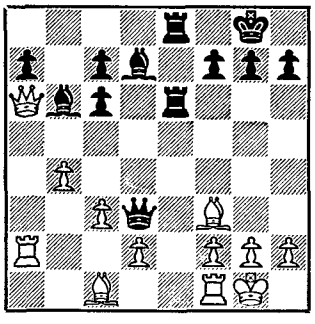
6 ..... R-K1
7 NxN .....

Promotes Black's development. Safe and sound is 7 N-B3, NxP 8 P-Q4.

7	.....	QPxN	12 P-B3?	Q-Q6
8	B-B4	P-QN4	13 P-QN4	B-N3
9	B-K2	NxP	14 P-QR4	PxP
10	NxN	RxN	15 QxP	B-Q2
11	B-B3	R-K3	16 R-R2	QR-K1

17 Q-R6 .....

BLACK



WHITE

17..... QxB!!

Battering the King's barrier. The final denouement comes eleven moves later.

18	PxQ	R-N3ch	24 K-R1	BxP
19	K-R1	B-R6	25 Q-B1	BxQ
20	R-Q1	B-N7ch	26 RxB	R-K7
21	K-N1	QBxPch	27 R-R1	R-R3
22	K-B1	B-N7ch	28 P-Q4	B-K6
23	K-N1	B-R6ch		Resigns

Black mates shortly.

—AL HOROWITZ,
three-time U.S. Open Champion.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1286

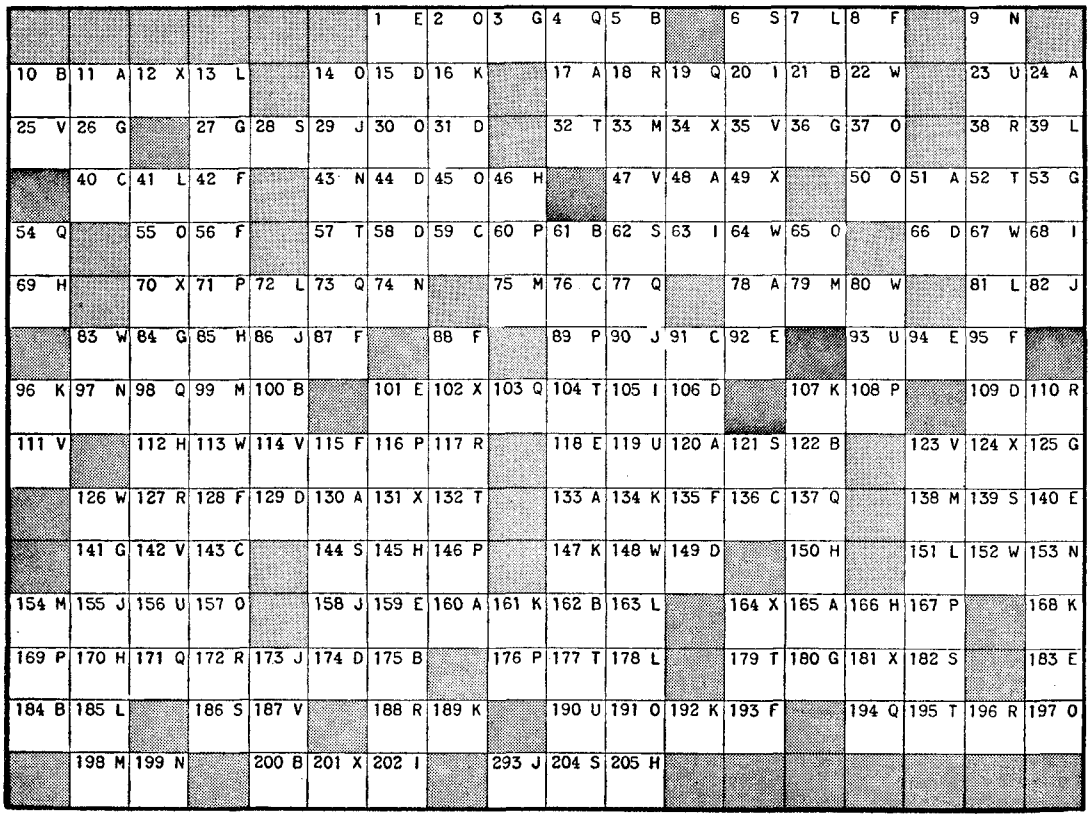
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What Jack Cade said to do with Lord Say because "he speaks Latin" (King Henry VI, Part II; 3 wds.).	130 133 51 78 17 11 120 48 24 165 160
B. England's special want, acc'g to Wadsworth, apostrophizing Milton, long dead (3 wds.).	162 100 5 175 184 200 10 122 21 61
C. One thing every dawn brings (2 wds.).	76 91 40 136 59 143
D. Escaped, was dissipated in particles too small to be perceived.	174 66 109 58 15 149 44 129 106 31
E. Philip's disability in "Of Human Bondage".	118 92 140 101 183 94 159 1
F. Producing bone.	115 8 87 88 56 193 135 42 95 128
G. Small flower symbolic of Switzerland.	125 36 180 53 27 3 84 26 141
H. Confederate general, governor of Missouri, 1884 (1833-87).	166 150 170 85 112 69 205 46 145
I. Irritated; annoyed.	68 202 20 63 105
J. Boldness.	82 86 158 90 29 155 173 203
K. Favorite restaurant of the young people in "La Bohème" (2 wds.).	96 168 147 161 192 134 107 16 189
L. Principal of a boys' school.	41 39 7 72 151 81 178 163 13 185
M. Noticeable feature of the late Fred Allen (2 wds.).	33 138 79 198 75 154 99
N. Professional man correctly addressed by his full name followed by "Esq."	97 9 43 74 199 153
O. Tweedledum's opinion of the appearance of the sleeping Red King ("Through the Looking Glass"; 2 wds.).	45 55 50 37 30 14 65 191 157 2 197
P. Groups of small wrinkles at the outer corner of middle-aged eyes (comp.).	60 169 71 176 116 89 167 108 146
Q. Celebrated painters of 16th and 17th cents. (2 wds.).	98 19 77 194 73 137 54 171 4 103
R. Decimal part of common logarithms.	38 18 110 117 127 196 172 188
S. Hornless bovine (2 wds.).	186 204 139 62 182 144 121 28 6
T. Little figures buried with ancient Egyptian mummies, to do the agricultural work of the other world.	195 57 179 177 32 132 104 52
U. Spruce in appearance.	156 119 23 190 93
V. Sincerely flattered.	35 114 25 47 142 123 187 111
W. Most peculiar group of people or things (2 wds.).	67 22 126 152 64 83 113 148 80
X. Lowest.	131 102 70 124 49 181 12 201 34 164

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Hark to Julian Bream—Cziffra's Liszt—Opera Week

AS THE race is not always to the swift, so the battle to make music out of air and vibrations is not always to the loud. On the last Thursday of October Julian Bream took the place on the Town Hall stage so often occupied by Andrea Segovia and wrote a new chapter in the lore of lower-case, unitalicized, intimately musical music. Bream's abilities as guitarist have preceded him from England by recordings, but what he has added to his special quiver of well-fletched arrows is the twelve-string lute, which he plays like a wandering spirit out of the Elizabethan age.

Indeed, arrow-fletching is hardly more of a lost art than the one Bream has restored so resoundingly (if one listens hard) to concert hall utility. In a preliminary pair of works by John Dowland ("Queen Elizabeth's Gailliard" and a "Melancholy Galliard") Bream took the measure of the well-filled hall, adjusted himself to his instrument's projectile potential and made some other subtle soundings. It was when he got into a fantasia entitled "Forlorne Hope" that he revealed the remarkable contrapuntal possibilities of his handsome (modern) instrument, the variety and character of the sounds he could draw from its nylon strings.

In these and the succeeding works of Daniel Batchelor, Francis Cutting, and Robert Johnson, Bream led his attentive listeners by willing ears into a new, old concept of sound. As he stroked the smooth speaking instrument, he revealed an unsuspected confluence of two timehonored musical streams: homophonic (chordal) and contrapuntal (linear) within a compass of sound in which the extrinsic was intolerable. There were deep strumming refrains and thin echo effects, according to where he provided the vibratory force, but there was always music powered by a strong spirit as well as an inquiring mind. In addition to being a specialist, Bream is possessed of the general qualities of rhythmic fervor, melodic sensitivity and dynamic differentiation which determine the listening appeal of any performer. Conflicting commitments prevented attention to Bream's guitar playing, but it is a certainty there will be other opportunities in the future. When knights were bold, nights were also musical, as this cavalier of the concert hall made us gratefully aware.

At the opposite end of the dynamic scale was Gyorgy Cziffra, who made a series of pianistic appearances at the Philharmonic Orchestra concerts in Carnegie Hall directed by Thomas Schippers. In his local debut, Cziffra confirmed the credentials, issued elsewhere during a brief American tour in the summer of 1957, as a licensed operator of such freewheeling vehicles as Liszt's E flat concerto and "Hungarian Fantasy." He also established himself as an exponent of splash and glitter, utilizing his impressive mechanical means in a pattern of extremes. He can play very fast and very loud, or very slow and very soft: whether he can also play very fast and very soft seemed more open to question. His is one way of playing Liszt, and not necessarily the best, for with all his ostentation Liszt was a composer of some purposefulness. When he was not striving to keep pace with Cziffra, Schippers was occupied with such matters as Rossini's "Siege of Corinth" overture, an unfamiliar symphony by Mario Zafred, and Stravinsky's "Firebird" suite. All of these showed his flair for leadership, but each had a generalized kind of sound neither his own nor the composers'. Zafred's work, inscribed "To the Memory of the Resistance," shows musical motivation, but also an unproductive allegiance to the esthetic of Shostakovitch.

THOSE who followed the Metropolitan's post-opening sequences of "Boris," "Rigoletto," and "Tales of Hoffmann" with more than a vague sense of dissatisfaction discovered why when "Madama Butterfly" returned to the repertory on Saturday afternoon. For here was "the standard of the house" in being, with the subtle and imaginative scenic dress conceived for last year's new production by Motohiro Nagasaka, and the action subjected to the fresh attention of its devisor, Yoshio Aoyama. The wise precaution of having Aoyama on the scene again preserved the miraculously integrated *mise-en-scène*, and gave Victoria de los Angeles (Cio-Cio-San) and Barry Morrell (making his debut as Pinkerton) the benefit of on-the-job training.

The most beneficial of the new factors was, however, not a vocalist but conductor Erich Leinsdorf, who realized the shimmer and sheen of this score to a more luminous degree than any director in years. Carefully detailed and yet alive, the orchestral playing blended into a satisfying whole with the well-tried Cio-Cio-San of Miss de los Angeles, the increasingly assured Sharpless of Mario Zanasi, and an ablebodied Pinkerton by the New York born Morrell. His is a pliant, well-produced, considerately used voice, somewhat lacking in volume for the big theatre, but firm through its range and with a promising ring in the upper register. His acting was conservatively uncomplicated, but he presented a reasonable likeness of a seafaring man.

TAKEN all together, the overpowering artistic event of the week was Leonard Warren's "Rigoletto," as massive and compelling in sound as ever, and enriched by a number of new dramatic details (especially in what is Act III of this production). Conceivably they could relate to his over-the-summer trip to the USSR, where Warren came in contact with some suggestive theatre brains. Increasingly more the father than the jester, Warren's progress shows that character is as much in the mind as in the voice—and that he is as well-supplied, operatically, with one as the other. As heard in this act, Roberta Peters was not at her best for Gilda, and the promising start Eugenio Fernandi made with "Questa quella" was offset by a "Parmi veder" that sagged sorrowfully from pitch. However, he has a suitable sound and advantageous build for the Duke, and may be indulged for a second try.

NEITHER the first "Boris" nor "Hoffmann" attained the status of distinction, for dissimilar but not unrelated reasons: in the first, insufficient integration under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, in the second a lack of response to the particular kind of effect for which Jean Morel was striving. Not enough rehearsal would seem basic in both cases. Cesare Siepi, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello (Varlaam), and Clifford Harvuot (Rangoni) provided a solid base of low voices for "Boris," but Kurt Baum was an improbable appearing, also tight-sounding Grigori and Nell Rankin a quavery Marina. In "Hoffmann" Nicolai Gedda, Mattiwilda Dobbs, and Rosalind Elias (Giulietta) provided desirable qualities of youth and sound to balance the artistry of George London in the four character parts, but the spirit did not come to the aid of the flesh.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

T IS FOR TEAGARDEN

Teagarden—"inspiration and sincerity."

By JAY D. SMITH

NOT long ago Jack Teagarden endured the tortures of a jazz seminar conducted by an erudite and overly loquacious critic-writer. The subject was the blues and particularly, the trombonist's uncanny ability to produce the music with an authentic Negroid flavor. Back in his hotel room Teagarden sank wearily into a chair. "Man," he sighed, "those sessions kill me. Polyphony, flatted fifths, half tones—they don't mean a thing. I just pick up my horn and play what I feel."

For nearly a half century Teagarden has been feeling and playing the same way—dispensing jazz casually yet with unflagging inspiration and sincerity. His trombone and a husky baritone voice have maintained for him a position of technical and musically emotional superiority over his contemporaries. He has, upon occasion, flirted with the vagaries of commercial success and temporarily jettisoned a principle or two. Yet, for all of it, he has remained a shy, introspective person, baffled by the many faceted perplexities of his profession, embarrassed by the ardor of his admirers and friends.

It has been a favorite and sometimes necessary goal of jazz writers to seek out "influences" which bear on the essential style of the musicians about whom they were writing. Laudable as this approach may be it has in a number of instances provided a pitfall of cliches. The case of Teagarden is no exception.

Rudi Blesh, jazz critic and author of "Shining Trumpets" (Knopf) blandly stated in his book that "Glenn Miller's trombone solo derives from the manner of Jackson Teagarden, a style that came originally from the Negro, Jimmy Harrison." This cliche is probably the most overstated fallacy which has crept into the reservoir of Teagarden lore.

By fact, Teagarden joined Billy Lustig's band in early 1928, a scant few months after he arrived in New York from Texas. Lustig was serving as the relief unit for Fletcher Henderson's Orchestra in the popular Roseland Ballroom. It was there that Teagarden and Harrison first met and were enthusiastically perplexed by the similarity of phrasing and tone. Two men—one white, the other Negro—had pursued separate paths in jazz, hundreds of miles apart, yet had developed along parallel lines. Rather than analyzing the coincidence they revelled in it by constant companionship and the exchange of musical ideas mutually offered and accepted. They were not, however, as alike in technique as has been the contention of many jazz historians. Jack, handicapped because of his short reach during childhood struggles with the trombone, employed only nominal use of the slide and resorted to faking many positions with his lips. Harrison, on the other hand, was of the swooping-thrusting school of playing. And if further proof of Teagarden's style prior to his introduction to Harrison is required, one has only to listen to his solo on the 1927 rcording of "I Just Roll Along" by Willard Robison.

This unique ability to express the blues in the idiom of the Negro was either an inborn quality or one developed by associations. Sadly, there is no positive evidence to support either theory. Until he was fourteen, Jack lived in his hometown of Vernon, Texas, isolated because of strict parental control, from the influences of other children, Negro or white. When his father died, Jack worked the Southwest and Mexico with various groups composed largely of mediocre musicians. Occasionally he found the opportunity for musical rapport with Pee Wee Russell, Leon Prima, Wingy Manone, and Leon Rappolo. But the social inequities of the South and the ebb of jazz in a nearly direct line from New Orleans to Chicago precluded any contact with Negro musicians.

"I learned from everyone and no one," says Teagarden. "Something from the good ones rubbed off and stayed with me. The others just left a bad taste in my ear."

When Jack arrived in New York he was twenty-two. He replaced Miff Mole on a recording date with Roger Wolfe Kahn's Orchestra and almost overnight the trombone as a jazz voice was released from the sweeping glissandi, deep-throated brays and other techniques theretofore employed by jazzmen. Kahn described his last-minute replacement as "wearing the largest hangover on Manhattan Island, yet reading the arrangements like a veteran and booting out a pair of choruses which were mildly sensational." Jack's delivery was not unlike that of a mellophone. He punched his solos with the brashness of a trumpet, substituting for glides a series of triplets or runs designed to treat each note in the tonal scale as an entity. His tone was unbridled, rich, and raw, an urgent voice shouting for recognition.

Recognition was not long in coming. He stayed with Ben Pollack and Paul Whiteman's Orchestras for a total of almost twelve years. Then he broke out on his own and fronted a series of *nearly* successful bands which threatened to break him both in spirit and health. But after the hundreds of days and nights on the stand playing the gamut from plodding pop tunes to the heavy-handed arrangements of Grofe and Ravel, there seemed to be only one appreciable change—his tone. The exciting urgency of it has smoothed out and rounded off to compliment the superb technique which never faltered. And through it all, the blue tinge which could never desert him and which he could never desert, continued to lend to his horn something wonderfully refreshing even when foundered in the jungle of third rate ballads and noisy novelties.

Tributes are seldom paid a man like Teagarden. He remains a seeker rath-

(*Continued on page* 58)

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Sung by Boris Christoff

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Orchestral

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SCHIPPERS conducts TCHAIKOVSKY SYMPHONY NO. 4

Born in Kalamazoo, known throughout the world as "the outstanding young American conductor" (*Music & Musicians*), Thomas Schippers, at 28, has conducted the N.Y. Philharmonic, the Philharmonia and at La Scala and Metropolitan Opera. This is his second symphony album recorded with the Philharmonia. (His first: Prokofiev Symphony No. 5, on Angel 35527.) **Angel 35443**

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Cello

Wherever he plays (in this recording, too) Pierre Fournier earns anew his title as "prince and poet of the cello" (*Figaro, Paris*). "I do not know anyone who gives more profoundly the feeling of having been present at the music-making" (*Virgil Thomson*). This recital of beloved music for quiet fireside enjoyment includes pieces by **Bach, Chopin, Haydn, Schumann, Fauré, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rimsky-Korsakov, Saint-Saëns, Granados, Kreisler.** With Gerald Moore, Pianist. **Angel 35599**

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The **Kodály Sonata for Solo Cello** is a fantastic exploitation of the cello's possibilities, written by a composer who played—and understood—the instrument. Janos Starker first played it, at 14, before Kodály in Budapest—and later for his own debut. "Called one of the greatest since he was 14" (*Time*), Starker's virtuosity is "first rank" (*London Times*). The broadly lyrical **Dohnányi Cello Concerto, Op. 12,** is recorded with the Philharmonia, Walter Süsskind, Conductor. **Angel 35627**

Gala Ballet

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The Royal Ballet, Covent Garden, revived the full-length performance of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* in 1939...made its debut with it in America to historic acclaim! This is the score which Tchaikovsky said "will be one of my best works." In its enchanting silver-and-white recorded performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra, *balletomanes* will surely agree with the composer. Conducted by George Weldon, Principal Conductor of the Royal Ballet, Covent Garden.

(*book of the ballet, illustrated with photographs of the Royal Ballet production*) 2 records **Angel Album 3579 B**

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Giselle (Angel Album 3583 B) Yuri Fayer, conducting Royal Opera Orchestra.

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Angel Debut!

AASE NORDMO LOEVBERG sings GRIEG and STRAUSS

Young Norwegian soprano, often likened to Flagstad, whose 1957 London debut had critics commenting on the "glorious and quite individual beauty of her voice...natural womanly expressiveness" (*London Times*). Her first Angel recording includes 9 songs by Edvard Grieg, sung in Norwegian, with Robert Levin, pianist, and 8 songs by Richard Strauss, sung in German, with Gerald Moore, pianist. **Angel 35590**

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Six Hours of Dylan Thomas

By JOHN CIARDI

FIVE YEARS ago on November 9 Dylan Thomas, already more a legend than a man, and as much a socio-academic hurricane as a poet, died in New York, mourned in a number of boozy wakes that seemed to center at The White Horse Tavern, and by many more and quieter griefs in the minds of those who had heard and read him. He had, in fact, been more heard than read. Nor has that fact changed with time. Caedmon reports that his Volume I recording has sold 150,000 copies to date—almost $900,000 worth at list price. New Directions has released no figures on the sale of the "Collected Poems," but it is certainly impossible to believe that the book ($3.75) is remotely in sight of the sale of the recording ($5.95).

Heaven knows what to make of such figures. Certainly it is now the established fate of the twentieth-century poet that he must leave to time not only his words but his voice. Who can say what such a double legacy will do to our future way of taking poets? Imagine having six hours of all past poets on demand—what would such an addition do to our sense of these poets? And what of the portentous fact that we already have a poet who survives more in being heard than in being read?

With no least thought of belittling Thomas's powers as a poet, I must believe that Caedmon's luck at the record-counter is due more to the drama of Thomas's voice and legend than to the very real merits of his poems. In a central sense, too, such a sale has been the luck of all poetry, for through these recordings tens of thousands of listeners have discovered that poetry need not make a narrow "sense"; that it is possible to be deeply and meaningfully moved by poems one does not more than fractionally understand.

It is still necessary to remember that there is no necessary relationship between poetic excellence and the microphone. The final measure of poetry is not the voice but the inner ear. The ability to project that felt-but-unheard power of poetic words and rhythms is the actor's craft rather than the poet's art.

Thomas was our most overwhelming combination of poet, actor, and ham. Certainly he possessed one of the most extraordinary rhythmic and verbal gifts of the century. He owned a voice like an organ and he used it with all the relish of a Welsh pub-declaimer. He moved in a puckish humor that was half Dickens and half ribaldry. And he was filled with terror, and with a basic scorn for his audiences, and with a basic love of lavishing that magnificent voice on the magic, rolling words that boiled up from him.

Whatever such a total may come to, it is Volume I that remains the great and final reading. That reading was a studio-improvised affair, unprepared, and without an audience. The informality of the occasion left Thomas relaxed and at home in himself. The reading is quiet, intimate, and inward to the weight and tenderness of the words and rhythms. There is no actor's performance-outward in that evening's voice. Thomas reads "A Child's Christmas in Wales" quietly, rapidly, intimately—and greatly—without raising his voice, not even when Mrs. Prothero cries "Fire!" So for the poems—Thomas does not perform them: he says them. The result is a magnificence.

For Volume II, on the other hand, Thomas slaved to prepare the reading (as Caedmon reports). Would that he had spared himself the labor, for the result is more the product of some unattended dramatic school than of Thomas's own richest rhythmic sense. This Thomas hisses like a bad Shakespearean actor. He holds his aspirates. He hums and quavers and draws the words out l-o-n-g. He rolls out the big voice and makes it boom. When he says "Quick" (in stanza two of Lament) it comes out something like "Khhwi-kkkeh!" Yes, of course, it is still Thomas and good enough for many another praise, but it is still far down the scale from Volume I.

Volumes III and IV also strike me as over-projected. Volume III consists of an introduction ("A Few Words of a Kind") taped live before an audience at MIT, and of poems later recorded in the studio. The introduction, half-hammed up by Thomas-the-declaimer, almost manages to be a moving statement of the poet's human position, but somehow never quite escapes the tone of its own gags.

The brashest and certainly the happiest of the ham-reading is in the audience-mocking "Visit to America," the talk that opens Volume IV. This talk, too, was recorded before a live audience, and Thomas played it for laughs, with a gift of timing Bob Hope could envy, and with a rapid fire of gags Hope would probably like to get away with. (Sample: "Kind bosomed friends of all kinds and bosoms.") The poems that follow are all from other poets and are read with general but not invariable success. Thomas reads Witlow's spoof of T. S. Eliot with a skill that lets one hear the original-sepulchre-himself groaning behind the lines, but when he tries Henry Reid's "Naming of Parts," for example, Thomas does not really begin to sort out the various voices of the poem until stanza three.

"Under Milk Wood," on the other hand, I shall keep as a treasure to equal Volume I. In it, Thomas is once again the actor, but with a difference. He rolls and sends that magnificent voice, loving it, loving the words and rhythms, loving the other actors of the piece—and the result performs as one doubts it can ever be performed again. It is riotous, brash, seemingly spontaneous, and with a thrill of tears and terror in the way Thomas touched those lines in which he seemed most to remember himself and most to foresee the death he carried in hi like a taste he could not drink away. As Volume I is poetry truly spoken inward, "Under Milk Wood" is poetry truly spoken outward. Two great albums, and three that are certainly good enough for the money.

A THOMAS DISCOGRAPHY

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Moffo's "Butterfly," Milanov's "Gioconda"

WHETHER Pennsylvania-born Anna Moffo, who went to Italy on a Fulbright Scholarship a few years ago and made her way into La Scala before returning, is only a phonographic phenomenon or an authentic operatic personality we in New York may find out before the winter is over (Chicago has already had the opportunity to judge). Meanwhile, she has made the most of her first major opportunity in an RCA Victor undertaking of "Madama Butterfly" (RCA Victor LSC 6135, $17.98) which takes a new soft look at that durable score and sees some things in it which have been slighted of late.

The casting of Rosalind Elias, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena in the other principal roles reflects the will of producer George Marek and conductor Erich Leinsdorf to take the middle-age sag out of the waistline of the usual "Butterfly" (phonographic or otherwise), and restore the accent on youth that Puccini wrote into his score. To this end, Miss Moffo makes a contribution of the first order, likewise Miss Elias as Suzuki. From her first "Ancora" to the last "Va, gioca, va," Miss Moffo produces a clinging, caressing sound that is either in the voice or isn't, and it *is* in hers. Miss Elias does everything required of a Suzuki with fine composure and roundly centered vocal sound.

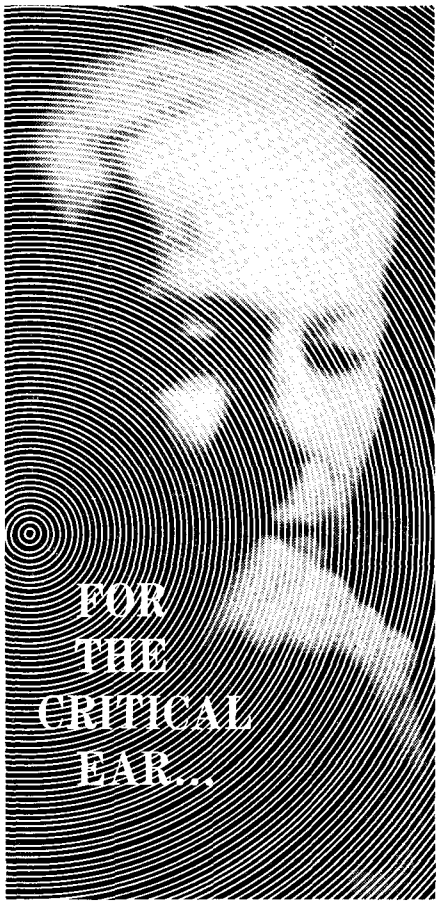
Moreover, Miss Moffo conveys a strong dramatic image, through her excellent treatment of the text (she grew up in an Italian-speaking home) of a really youthful Butterfly with the will to love but also the courage to die. There is a constant sense of the trust invested by Butterfly in her American "husband," giving credence to the bitter realization of betrayal when it comes. Puccini-fanciers will be glad to know that her entrance is beautifully sung (with the D flat as prescribed), that her "Un bel di" is a gem, and many subtle effects (such as the little swell on "nidiata" just before it) perceived with a clarity hardly possible in an opera house.

For this kind of care, conductor Leinsdorf is entitled to devoted thanks from those who have listened in vain on some other occasions for response to the hints and suggestions with which Puccini loaded his well-marked score. However, such respect is not the answer to all the problems of conducting "Butterfly," and Leinsdorf is sometimes more mathematical than intuitive in his relationship of slow to fast and not-so-slow to not-so-fast in the ebb and flow of this variable score.

RCA's confidence in Moffo has not returned quite the same yield in Valletti's Pinkerton. A fine artist and skilful singer, he has every attribute for a good Pinkerton save one—the right vocal sound. I have heard such a lyric tenor as James Melton sound very well as Pinkerton, so it is not so much a matter of vocal weight as of color. He has had every help from the musical director, Richard Mohr, in microphoning, but Valletti's top is made for the gentler uses of Donizetti and Mozart rather than the passionate proclamations of Puccini. Cesari is a reasonably successful Sharpless, if not the world-wise observer of the scene this character can be. Rome's recording facilities do not encourage really resonant sound, but the stereo results add breadth and solidity to the illusion.

IN ITS equally new "La Gioconda," RCA has held the mirror up to the nature of that demanding score (RCA Victor LM 6139, $17.98) producing what is, perhaps, too much the kind of "classic" it has become—that is to say, an opportunity for uninhibited vocalization, with no points for politeness and no holds barred. The choice of Fernando Previtali to adjudicate the contesting claims for listening attention of Zinka Milanov (Gioconda), Leonard Warren (Barnaba), Giuseppe di Stefano (Enzo Grimaldo), and Plinio Clabassi (Alvise) is, on the whole, a discerning one, though being merely a good conductor, not a Solomon, he is sometimes overwhelmed.

Oddly enough, it is not Mme. Milanov or Warren who fall farthest from grace, but his own countryman, di Stefano. Even in "Cielo e mar," which would seem made for the lovely sound he can command, di Stefano indulges in the kind of a "Take that, Mario" shouting that puts music and opera in separate categories. The pity of this is that Milanov is almost consistently at her present best, and Barnaba is a role that Warren makes his own, with complete finality, in this recording. —IRVING KOLODIN.



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Recordings Reports: Jazz

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"European Windows." John Lewis and members of the Stuttgart Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LPM 1742, $3.98. *"Midsömmer"; "Cortège";* "Two Degrees East—Three Degrees West"; "England's Carol"; "Three Windows." Compositions by John Lewis.	There are passages spattered throughout the selections heard on this record that exhibit delight in scoring for the score's sake—the Vivaldi-like violin shudderings that follow a long flute solo toward conclusion of "England's Carol" could be quoted. As demonstrations, such musical moments may be impressive, but this listener at least could get along without being asked to witness the unfolding of one man's musical education. To balance these nifty, dressed-up moments, there are mettlesome sequences where Lewis is less concerned with showing than doing; his piano solo of "Two Degrees East—Three Degrees West" is direct and technically masterful, in spite of jamming interference from trite, saccharine scorings for violin that carry all the wallop of a flock of singing canaries. *"Cortège"* and "Three Windows" were composed as music for a French film, *"Sait-on Jamais."* They are adequate as scorings for film, but one has a tendency to miss the visual here, and that just shouldn't happen to music for listening. Musical competences are displayed throughout, and it is obligatory to mention the British-born Ronnie Ross, baritone saxophonist, and Gerry Weinkopf, Czech-born player of the flute and alto flute. Lewis's fooling around with things like "The Queen's Fancy" and "England's Carol" ("God Rest You Merry Gentlemen") is, although skillful, hardly far enough removed from pathways already trod by the rather cool British composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams, to be considered as anything more than a closer walk on the Williams side.
"The Blues Is Everybody's Business." Music composed and conducted by Manny Albam. Coral CRL 59101, $3.98. Parts 1,2,3,4.	The work is sub-titled "A Jazz Suite," and that is fair enough in the sense that a number of uninteresting themes follow and follow and follow throughout this over-long attempt to paste together snippets and recollections of snippets drawn from the literature of vocal and instrumental blues. The "Story and Musical Description" written as program notes by Albam is near-perfect as parody of tableau-writing, except that its author is apparently serious. ("Then, guide Ernie Royal takes over, lifting us over the initial insecurities and the glitter of the outer rind of the town.") Thirty-seven men had a go at the tight little score, and it seems too bad they worked so well to express so little.
"Doodlin'." Eddie Chamblee and His Orchestra. EmArcy MG 36131, $3.98. "Doodlin' "; "Back Street"; "Stardust"; "Robbins' Nest"; "Solitude"; "Long Gone"; "Strollin' Sax"; "Lester Leaps Again"; "Swing a Little Taste"; "Village Square."	Seven men in a jumping, small band achieve some dance-oriented togetherness on a lively record. Perhaps no great talents are exhibited here, but this is far from being a homey little group given to dropping apologetic stitches in time. Chamblee, the tenor saxophonist and leader, displays a rough, virile tone and an agility of phrasing that lines out satisfactorily those dance motions that follow a happy rump, bump, and pump. Others in the band are: Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Julian Priester, trombone; Jack Wilson, piano; Fip Ricard, trumpet; James Slaughter, drums; Robert Wilson, bass.
"Tab Hunter." Orchestra and Chorus Conducted by Marty Wilson. Warner Brothers WB 1221, $3.98. "I Love You, Yes I Do"; "My Baby Just Cares For Me"; "I Want to be With You Always"; "All Alone"; others.	The arrangements are stilted, and some effects are laid in by a background chorus—one voice is never enough. Throughout "My Baby Just Cares For Me," we got to thinking of Mr. Hunter as a young, vital, and engaging person. Then "Candy" came along, and he began to sound uncomfortable with the lyrics, as if the bear hugs he'd been reaching for in the earlier songs had turned into a taffy pull: "Candy I call my sugar candy, candy's sweet on me understands me candy o so handy when I ne-ed smypathy." "Hits You Like a Thunderbolt!" they said on this liner, and we were sorry to be grounded, because the charge passed right on through.
"Jerry Gray and His Orchestra at the Hollywood Palladium." Liberty LRP 3089, $3.98.	There are plenty of standards for those who want to remember tunes like "Honey" and "Sleepy Time Gal." Judging from this music, the Palladium must be about as unrestrained as the grill of the Roosevelt Hotel, where Guy Lombardo holds forth.
"Big Dixie." Harry Zimmerman and Orchestra. Hifirecord R608. $4.95. Stereo, $5.95; Tape Stereo, $12.95. "South Rampart Street Parade"; "Wabash Blues"; "When the Roll is Called up Yonder"; "Tin Roof Blues"; "Tiger Rag"; "That's a Plenty"; others.	Thirteen men in search of dixieland have a wide-range try at it in a crisp recording that will bring nothing new to readings of standards from this area. It's more likely to appeal as a brassy demonstration piece for new stereo and tape-stereo outfits, and we suspect that's how it came into being. The liner refers to the " 'narcosis' of a good, real dixieland band." Webster defines "narcosis" as a *"state of stupor or arrested activity." If this has anything to do with music,* we'd be glad to tell it to the FBI.
"Guys and Dolls Like Vibes." The Eddie Costa Quartet. Coral CRL 57230, $3.98. "Guys and Dolls"; "Adelaide"; "If I Were a Bell"; "Luck Be a Lady"; "I've Never Been in Love Before"; "I'll Know."	The players are: Eddie Costa, vibes; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Motian, drums; Wendell Marshall, bass. After one gets past the title, it's not too hard to go along with a knowing group of musicians who explore, without insistence, some of the delights of Frank Loesser's fresh melodic material. There is easy, relaxed musical interchange between the instrumentalists, and the rhythms are spaced to give room to the carefully enunciated notes that parse each melody.
"Dick Hyman and Harpsichord in Hi Fi." No credit to accompanists. MGM E3606, $3.98. "When You're Smiling"; "Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya Huh?"; "Blue Danube Bounce"; others.	The "harpsichord" of the title turns out to be "a grand piano, the hammers of which are metallic at the point of contact with the strings," and fortified by this elucidation, we braced. It turned out to be so; tinkly, treacly standards of the brand one is exposed to as a captive ear, while browsing amongst tinned goods at a super market.
"Chipper at the Sugar Bowl." Chip Fisher with Leroy Kirkland's Band. RCA Victor LPM 1797, $3.98. "Sugar Bowl Rock"; "Tell Me"; "Teenage Blues"; "I Love Your Pony-Tail"; "She Do But She Don't"; others.	"New England has a rockin' crowd, they make it gay, but never loud," is one of the lines penned and sung for this recording by Chips Fisher, a senior at Dartmouth College. His phrasing is brusque, he delivers with zest, and he belongs to the crowd at the sugar bowl. The mike placement changes between bands, and an echo is heard which sounds more like print-through than any remotely-to-be-desired electronic gingerbreading.
"House of Horn." Paul Horn and 10 musicians. Dot DLP 3091, $3.98. "Pony Tale"; "Day by Day"; "A Soldier's Dream"; "House of Horn"; "The Golden Princess"; "Sunday, Monday, or Always"; "To a Little Boy"; "Siddartha"; "Interlude."	The instruments are: piano and celeste, three violins, cello, guitar, bass, drums, vibes, bells, by those who play with Horn. The leader takes flute, alto sax, piccolo, clarinet, alto flute. One is no tempted to label this music, except to state that it belongs in the area of chamber performance. Although jazz tempi are sometimes present, this is not a group that is likely to be hired for a dance. Its outpourings are characterized by a freshness and spontaneity and sense of experiment that are wholly engaging and musicianly. The string tones are crisp and sure, and Horn is a virtuoso who displays vitality. It all adds up to good listening.

–Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

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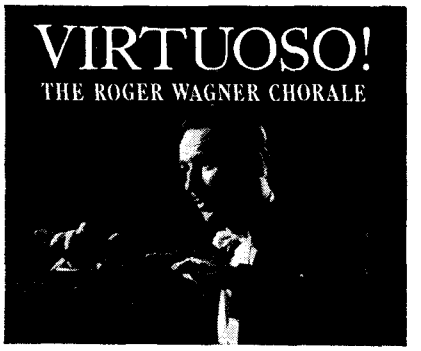

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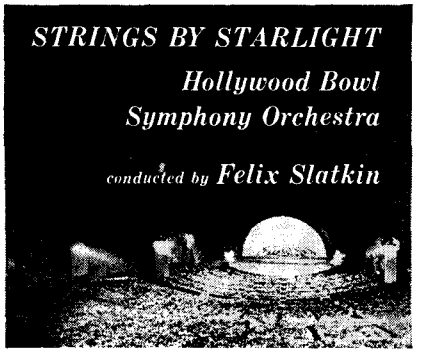

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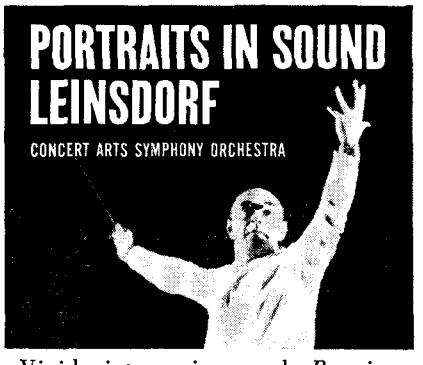

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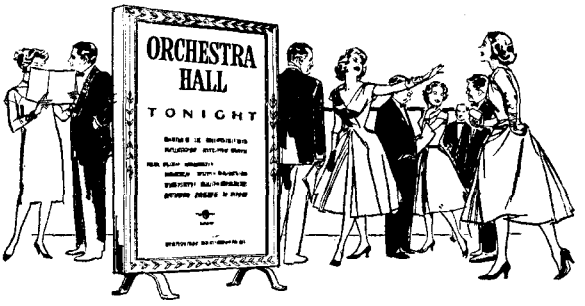
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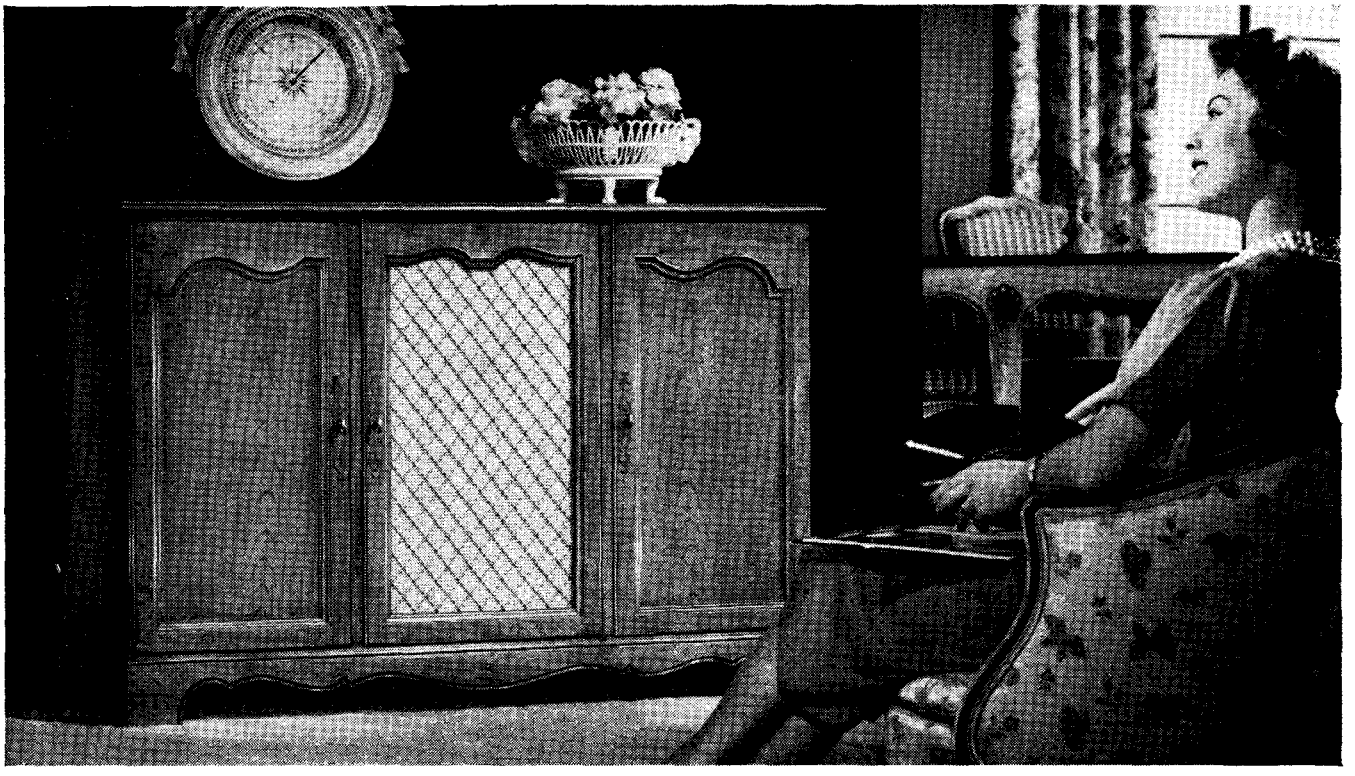

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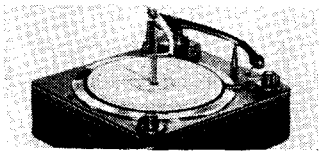

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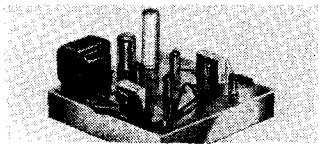

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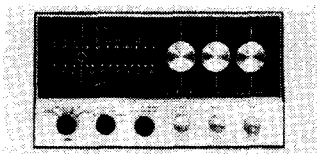

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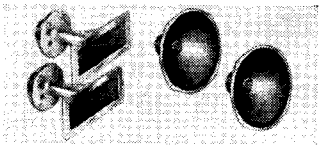

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Space, It's Wonderful

By EVERETT HELM

THE word, friends, is "Music in Space." Or perhaps we should say it in German: "Musik im Raum"—it sounds more impressive that way. If you want to be a modern composer you must concern yourself with this very new and, it would seem, highly complex problem. If you don't believe this, ask anyone who was at this year's Donaueschingen Festival.

Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen, for an example, have made a discovery that seems destined to change the course of musical history—at least for the next four or five months, until another revolution occurs. These keen pioneers in the world of sound have come up with a brand new idea—namely that music is performed in space. "Space" in this context, we hasten to add, is not the outer space of the Sputniks but the familiar space that is created by the four walls of a concert hall.

The results of this discovery were unveiled before a breathless audience during the two-day Donaueschingen Festival of new, newer, and newest music. Stockhausen's piece bears the title "Groups for Three Orchestras." The first orchestra, conducted by Hans Rosbaud, sat on the stage with its backs to the audience, with the conductor facing the audience. The two other orchestras were mounted on specially built podiums, adjoining the stage and extending into the hall right and left. A gracious wave of the hand from Rosbaud, who was, so to speak, the "Chef des Chefs d'Orchestre," and Stockhausen, conducting the second orchestra, started things off in the well-known pointillistic style. Presently Boulez, who had been waiting attentively with his orchestra, caught the sign, and it was "Roger, over." The three groups were then heard in various combinations—alone, in pairs, or all three together.

Astonishingly enough, Stockhausen soon abandoned the interjectory, pointillistic style, typical of his earlier compositions, in favor of a more continuous texture, which seemed peculiarly unsuited to the work in hand. Most of the time his three groups sounded like one huge orchestra that had overflowed from the stage into the hall. He left many of the possibilities of antiphonal effects unexploited. This was particularly true of the two enormous crescendos, one for the mammoth percussion, the other for the brass, both of which built up to 3D pandemonium.

Pierre Boulez's "Poésie pour Pouvoir" also called for three orchestras but only two conductors (the composer and Rosbaud); to compensate for this deficiency, however, it involved probably the most complicated audio system ever heard in the concert hall. The tape recordings, which alternated or were combined with the live music, had been produced in the electronic studios of the Südwestfunk with the aid of a newly-created recording apparatus (magnetophone) with eight separate channels. They were reproduced through no less than seventy-two loudspeakers which lined the walls of the hall, either separately or in clusters, and which included four huge horns (8′x8′) designed to reinforce the bass tones. The spoken text (by Henri Michaux) was heard through a rotating complex of speakers suspended from the ceiling. The voices were for the most part so distorted as to be unintelligible; it is not quite clear why Boulez used a text at all.

THIS piece, and to an even greater extent Stockhausen's "Groups," appear to lack one quality which has marked important music of all past periods—namely, expression, in the broadest sense of the word. Not all the "systematic, total organization of the material" nor all the gimmicks in the world can compensate for the absence of this quality, without which the most complicated, super-stereophonic, polymetrical space music is, in the last analysis, of no more real artistic interest than an exercise in C major.

Doubtless it was the indisputable presence of this quality that brought forth cheers and bravos for the program played by the Juilliard String Quartet: Bartok's third and fourth quartets, Webern's "Five Movements for String Quartet," opus 5, and Stravinsky's "Three Pieces for String Quartet" (1914)—all strictly non-twelve-tone works that nevertheless sounded as fresh and "modern" as when they were written. The Juilliard Quartet, which played magnificently, deserves special credit for having revived the all-but-forgotten, fascinating pieces of Stravinsky, who was present in person to share the ovation given to the guests from New York.

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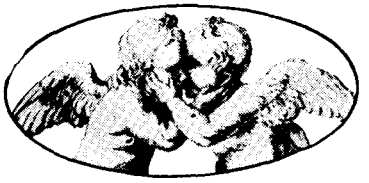

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The Many Sides of B. Goodman

"B. G. Off the Record" *(A Bio/Discography of Benny Goodman), by D. R. Connor.* 305 pp. $4.95. Gaildonna Pub., Fairless Hills, Pa.

TWENTY YEARS AGO there might have been a large and avid public for just such a comprehensive discography of America's most spectacular bandleader and jazz instrumentalist. Thousands of fans would have been interested in the cataloguing of even the most obscure commercial sessions Benny Goodman made with Same Lanin, Smith Ballew, and the dozens of groups formed by Irving Mills to plug his tunes. But in 1958 it is doubtful that more than a few score of people, including the reviewer, would care.

Beyond question this is far and away the most complete listing of Benny Goodman recordings ever assembled. In addition, there is even an appendix listing performances wrongly attributed to Benny. Unissued masters, V-Discs, transcriptions, broadcasts are all set down with surprising accuracy. Personnels are given whenever possible, along with factual comments.

As a critical analysis of Goodman's work this book is quite useless. Mr. Connor is a gushing enthusiast for all Benny's work and is unable to differentiate between the hackneyed and inspired. For the past ten years it is doubtful whether Benny has even approached his free-wheeling improvisation of the Twenties and Thirties; yet the latter-day Capitol and Columbia discs are approached with the same reverence as his performances in the swing era.

There are a few minor errors in the text. Irving Kolodin's name is consistently misspelled; Benny's wife was Mrs. Duckworth and was never a peeress; no American record company used magnetic tape in 1940; the Gene Krupa Chicagoans date was recorded for English Parlophone, not American Decca; and a very few other minor misstatements.

Some day a book will be written that will help us understand the complex and tortured Benny Goodman who contributed so much to the American musical scene up until 1946. The Goodman of today bears little resemblance to the innovator of the past. —John Hammond.

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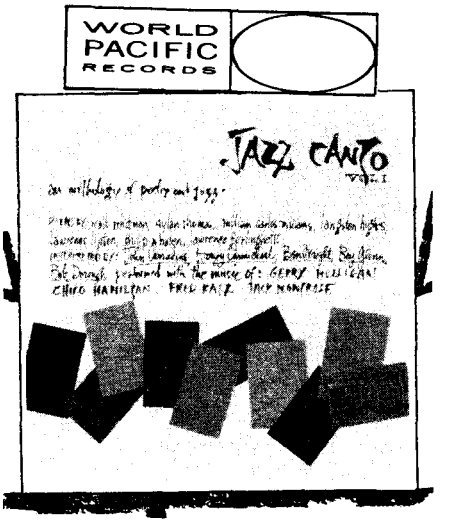

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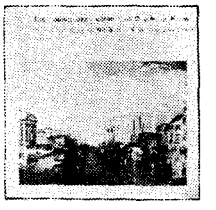

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Mixed Milhaud, Major Honegger

MILHAUD: *"Les Choephores." Genevieve Moizan, soprano; Helene Bouvier, alto; Heinz Rehfuss, baritone; Claude Nollier, narrator. Igor Markevitch conducting the Chorale de l'Universite and the Lamoureux Orchestra.*

HONEGGER: *Symphony No. 5 (Di Tre Re). Igor Markevitch conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra.* Decca 9956, $3.98.

MILHAUD: *"The Globetrotter Suite"; "The Joys of Life" ("Homage to Watteau"). Darius Milhaud conducting an unidentified Chamber Orchestra.* Decca 9965, $3.98.

DARIUS MILHAUD is prolific and his music is varied in style and quality. Two discs bring us almost antipodal expressions of his creative product. Decca has recorded his darkly grief-laden score "Les Choephores," a work which dates from the period following World War I. The weight of grief which tenants this score is classical rather than stormily romantic. Composed shortly after his first preoccupations with polytonality circa 1915, it is an exciting and colorful work. This is really a moving work excellently conducted by Igor Markevitch. In contrast to this more sombre piece, the two suites, "The Globetrotter" and "The Joys of Life," are sunny fragilities. Since both of these were intended for educational purposes, it is possible that the ever facile Milhaud tossed them off without too much meditation. "The Globetrotter" is a sequence of cliche impressions. A musical tourist impression of six countries is definitely tourist class and not first. As to the speed of his writing, and his possible indifference to the subjects, we observe that the pieces on France and Portugal were written during a single day, and Italy was brushed off a day later.

But much more important than these bits of occasional music is the Symphony No. 5 of Honegger which backs the recording of "Les Choephores." It is to me a more significant and deeply moving work than the more played Symphony for Strings with its optional trumpet. One feels that this is a work which should figure prominently in the repertory of our major orchestras. It is not exactly an easy piece and the lesser performers should not butcher it. Markevitch conducts this with a real devotion. He merits a laurel leaf for his perceptive performance and also for making the Lamoureux Orchestra sound first class, which it often does not. One more tribute to recording magic. —OLIVER DANIEL.

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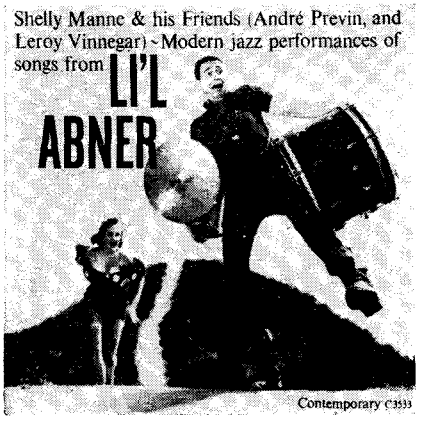
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Teagarden

Continued from page 48

er than a finder. One of the architects of jazz, a giant among the other giants like Armstrong, Hawkins, and Hines, the critics have been kind to him—even those who were born long after he unsheathed his horn in San Antonio or Albuquerque or Houston. None deny his stature as a jazz man, few attempt to classify his "school" of playing. And, in speculation, as Hoagy Carmichael once pointed out, Jack could have made a mint in the popular music field. His voice, which is merely an extension of his horn, is warm and friendly, well suited to dreamy ballads. His capabilities for singing the blues as no other white man are attested to in tributes appearing yearly as a result of "Musician's Musician" polls. The most recent tribute is certainly self-generated in the form of Capitol Records' "Swing Low Sweet Spiritual," a collection of spirituals/blues ambling along in matchless style.

Teagarden remains what he is and if the mystery of *why* cannot be satisfactorily explained away, it is not necessarily an important one. The best summation of his career was written over twenty years ago by the perceptive Otis Ferguson: "It would be a far far better thing to be Jack Teagarden today, I think, blowing it out listlessly with Whiteman and perhaps hungover like a chimney full of bricks—and have that much behind you, memorable and accomplished—than to be any one of twenty young geniuses breaking out into no matter what art with no matter what talent."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 803

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 803 will be found in the next issue.

MZBPB VXB YH

MYHB, OMV

CPB ZCQQL.

—ZBXPL DVZX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 802

Mystery is the wisdom of blockheads.

—HORACE WALPOLE.

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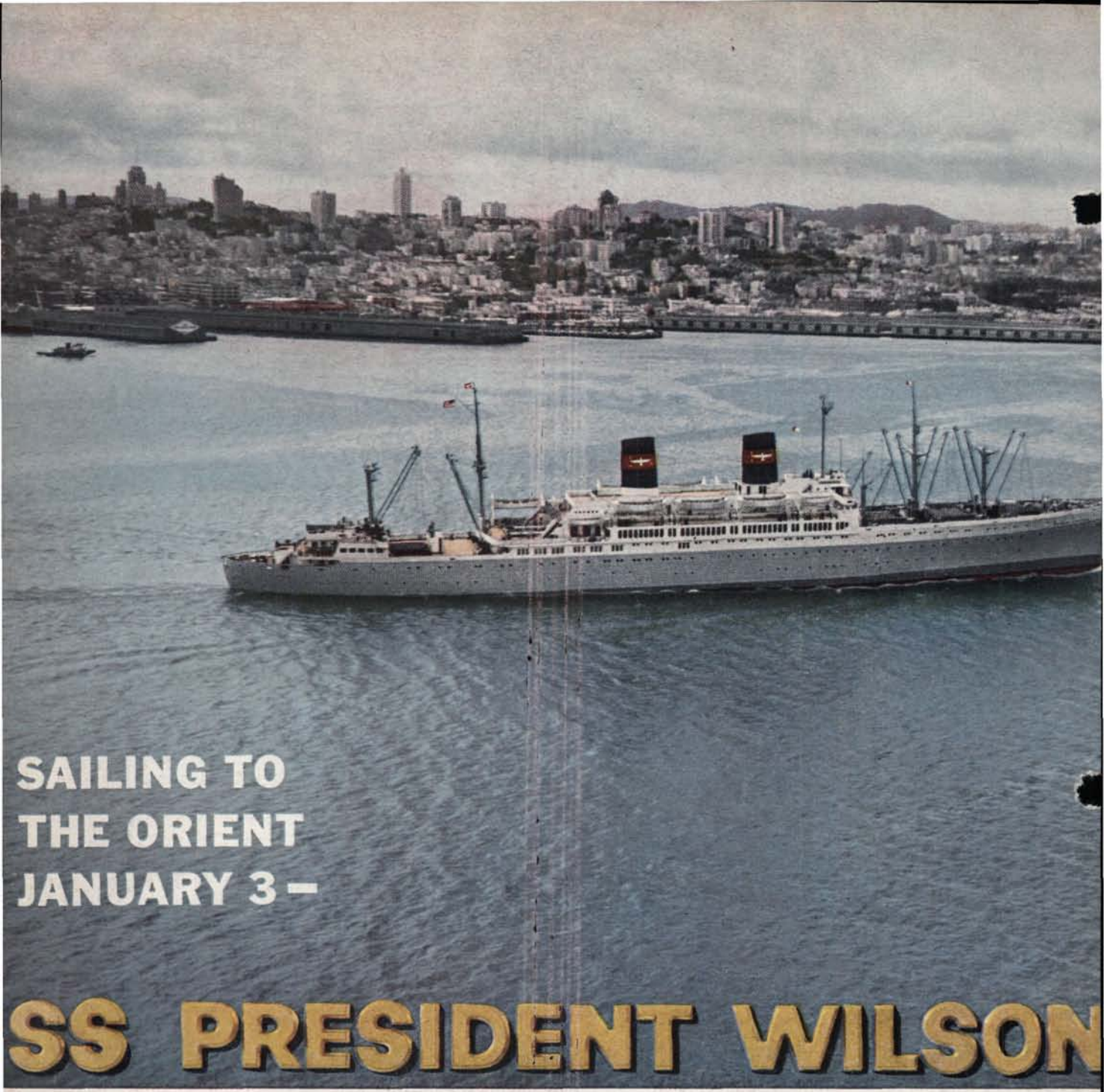

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